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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE were more surprises at the meeting of the Non-Intervention Committee on Tuesday. The difficulty over the "token" withdrawal of foreign volunteers in Spain was got over quite simply by dropping the project altogether. Then Count Grandi offered more concessions, which Signor Mussolini had sworn Italy would never make. Italy drops her demand for unanimity and her refusal to be bound by the estimates given by the Commission of the numbers of volunteers. That, when and if the figures do appear, is likely to mean a shock for a good many innocent souls who have learned from Count Grandi that there are only 40,000 Italians serving with General Franco, and from the officially inspired Signor Gayda that 147,000 foreigners are fighting for the Spanish Government.

Russia and Non-Intervention

That this new conciliatoriness betokens a real change of heart and policy in Mussolini we find it impossible to believe; the opportunities for spinning out time and avoiding withdrawal are by no means exhausted. Another difficulty indeed looms large already, in the shape of the granting of belligerent rights. Mr. Maisky insisted that this should be considered only when "the bulk of foreign combatants has actually been withdrawn and new reinforcements for the rebels have ceased to arrive." And even then the Soviet Government would have to judge for itself as to when the right moment had arrived. The Russians are surely on firm ground in their resistance to the granting of belligerent rights without something more than a paper promise of withdrawal. Mr. Maisky also stated that he had definite knowledge of further Italian reinforcements within the last few weeks. The practical result of Russia's stand may be another deadlock, with Mr. Maisky in a minority of one. It seems that the Fascist Powers are deliberately trying to squeeze out Russia from the Non-Intervention scheme. The Committee is being used as a means of achieving the diplomatic isolation of the U.S.S.R.

The War in China

Japanese airmen have again shown their mettle by shooting at a British post in the International Settlement and killing a British soldier. The Japanese Government have expressed their regrets as usual and promised "compensation." There presumably the matter ends—until the next outrage. On the battle front outside Shanghai the gallant resistance of the Chinese has given way after ten weeks of fierce fighting; on Wednesday the Japanese pushed back the line amid scenes of horrible carnage, both of combatants and of civilians. But the retreat was on the whole orderly, and the Chinese are reported to be confident of holding their new position. Meanwhile, owing to the Belgian Cabinet crisis, the conference of the Western Powers in Brussels is postponed till November 2nd. Their task, when at length they meet, will be "to examine the situation in the Far East and study peaceable means of ending it." Mediation has

already been talked of by Mr. Roosevelt and rejected in advance by Japan. The *Times* correspondent in Tokio observes that there is not the slightest ground for supposing that Japanese public opinion will be influenced by what is said at Brussels. But it might be influenced, and the war might be ended, by a decision of the Powers to impose a boycott. It has been shown (it is shown again in an excellent sixpenny pamphlet, "Japan Can Be Stopped," by Freda Utley and David Wills, just published by the *News-Chronicle*) how vulnerable Japan is to economic pressure. That pressure applied by Britain, the U.S.A. and Holland—or even by us and the Americans alone—would effectively and rapidly cut the Japanese sinews of war. And the risks it involves, if not negligible, are relatively small. They ought, we believe, to be faced unhesitatingly.

Parliament's Programme

The King's speech foreshadows a parliamentary session devoted to a long list of "bread and butter" measures. There is to be a Bill to fix the financial and other responsibility for Air Raid Precautions as between Whitehall and local authorities. Share-peddling is to be curbed by tightening up the existing law—more effectively, one hopes, than on the half-hearted lines of the Bodkin Committee's report. The derelict British film industry is to be rescued by a Bill which will have to run the gauntlet of criticism from the conflicting camps of producers, renters and exhibitors. Electricity distribution is to be reorganised—it remains to be seen with what degree of concession to the Power Companies' protests against the draft proposals. Wages and employment in road transport are to be regulated, but no reference is made to the recommendations of the Road-Rail Committee. Another signal omission is the absence of a Bill to amend the law relating to compulsory insurance, and reorganisation of the cotton industry is apparently also in the list of subjects deferred. Coal, however, is to receive attention; a Bill to unify royalties is promised, with every prospect of further wrangles over compensation, and Part I of the 1930 Act establishing quotas and central selling must presumably be extended for a further period. Finally, there are to be a revision of the penal law, an additional Divorce Court judge, various Bills dealing with rural housing, slum clearance, milk distribution, public health, and club licences; and, if the Royal Commission reports in time, legislation is promised to regulate the location of industry.

The King is Silent

It was unkind of Sir Archibald Sinclair to describe the King's speech as "the catalogue of a remnant sale"; several of the promised measures are important. Mr. Attlee was on surer ground in his criticism that the speech contained no indication that the Government has any constructive plan for easing, either politically or economically, the present menacing tension in international relations. His Majesty was made to reiterate, with even less meaning than usual, the time-honoured platitude that his relations with other Powers continue to be friendly. No reference, however, was made to the prospects of trade agreement with the United States or the Oslo Powers, nor was even lip-service paid to the ideal of "general international appeasement," which figured in the Government's professions of faith in the Baldwin days. Actually the League—firm support of which used, until Mr. Chamberlain became Prime Minister, to be a cardinal point in King's speeches—was mentioned only once, and in a curiously left-handed way: in the Far East the Government will continue to co-operate "with other Governments, whether members of the League or not," in an endeavour to bring the war to a conclusion. Mr. Chamberlain is at least entitled to credit for candour; he makes no attempt to dissemble the fact that we are back in the pre-war conditions of *realpolitik*. The outlook, even so, would be less dark if the Government showed signs of knowing where it is drifting and who are its friends.

Mr. Lyons Wins in Australia

The final results of the Australian general election are not to hand as we write. But it is clear that, in the House of Representatives, the Labour Party has not won the victory that Mr. Curtis and other optimistic leaders expected. They may gain three or four seats, but the Government coalition—United Australia and the Country Party—will have a comfortable majority, and Mr. Lyons will find himself in office for the third successive term, though several of the Ministers who were in the last Cabinet may have lost their seats. For the Senate nineteen seats have been contested, and here Labour has done better; Government victories are expected only in South Australia and, more doubtfully, in Queensland. But there were only three Labour Senators before the election, and his present losses will still leave Mr. Lyons with a majority. The main issue before the electors was that of national defence. Labour—its political wing, that is, as distinct from the industrial—stands for isolationism, with a big air force as the shield. Mr. Lyons's policy is a bigger navy and co-operation with Britain—but not conscription; the accusation that he favours conscription is, he protests, a lie.

Belgium in Search of a Government

M. van Zeeland has resigned both his premiership and his seat in Parliament, in order the better to defend himself against the attacks of the Rexists; and Belgium is in search of a new Government. This is awkward from an international point of view; but national crises wait not upon international convenience; and in face of the renewed attacks M. van Zeeland felt that his Government's position had become intolerable. The easiest way out would have been the reconstruction of the Cabinet under M. de Man, who has been acting Prime Minister while M. van Zeeland has been away. But the Liberals, who have been always the most difficult element in the three-party coalition, dislike the idea of serving under a Socialist, and under M. de Man in particular, and would prefer a Catholic leader. There is, however, no Catholic who can be readily substituted for M. van Zeeland, who had the merit of being at once a Catholic by religion and not an active leader of the Catholic Party. M. de Man, who, though a Socialist, is not a Member of Parliament, seems the obvious person to step into the leadership; but if the other parties reject him, presumably a figure-head will have to be found to carry on under his effective influence. It seems out of the question to dissolve the

coalition in a situation which precludes the formation of a reasonably strong Government on any narrower basis—especially as the break-up of the Coalition would undoubtedly be proclaimed, and widely regarded, as a Rexist triumph.

Dr. Schacht Announces His Resignation

Dr. Schacht, if we may take his own word for it, is no longer Reich Minister of Economic Affairs, but remains Governor of the Reichsbank—for the present. In effect, Dr. Schacht, while retaining the title, ceased to be Economic Minister some time ago, when General Göring elbowed him out by becoming Director of the Four-Year Plan. Dr. Schacht, who is not a Nazi, but a promoted bank clerk of orthodox capitalist opinions, disapproved from the first of Göring's self-sufficiency projects; and before long his control over economic affairs had become purely nominal. He was not, however, allowed to resign; and at the Reichsbank his skilled manipulation of foreign exchange transactions and his prestige in the world of international finance caused him still to be regarded as indispensable. The tone of the speech in which he announced that he was no longer *Reichsminister* suggested that he had at last taken matters into his own hands, and disregarded the refusals to accept his resignation. It also suggested that he does not intend to remain at the head of the Reichsbank after his present period of office expires next April. If this is so it may mean that the Nazi leaders are faced with a more formidable revolt of German big business than they have encountered hitherto. That may lead either to a modification of extreme policies, or to a plunge into still more desperate adventures before economic collapse actually arrives.

Danzig Germanicised

The last remnants of organised opposition to Nazi supremacy in Danzig have now been obliterated. As part of a bargain apparently that its members will not be persecuted, the Catholic party has agreed to its own suppression and promised to send no further petitions to the League. Though no move has yet been made to change its constitutional status, the Free City is now effectively *gleichgeschaltet*. It has celebrated its cultural and (in all but name) political re-inclusion in the Reich by the destruction of thirty Jewish shops, under approving police supervision. The Papal Nuncio to Poland is endeavouring to protect the Catholic clergy in Danzig, but the Polish Jews who were included in last week-end's little pogrom have no protectors. Warsaw, however, appears to be indignant at the remarkable treatment accorded by the German police to Mr. Rutkiewicz, an official of the Polish railways in charge of the Danzig station. Passing through Berlin en route for Paris, Mr. Rutkiewicz and his wife were arrested and clapped into gaol, where they still languish, on the charge of disloyalty to Germany. An official of the British Polish Trade Bank at Danzig is reported also to have been arrested during a visit to Germany and imprisoned. The rumour that a joint statue of Mr. Eden and Colonel Beck is being erected in Danzig lacks confirmation.

Municipal Elections

The municipal elections take place on Monday. Except in Bradford, where a redistribution of seats involves a complete local general election, the contests will be on much the same lines as in previous years. There will be Fascist candidates here and there, but not very many. There will be also a few Communists; but in most areas the Communists, whether they are welcome or not, will work and vote for the Labour candidates. The vast majority of the contests will be straight fights between the local Labour Party and the local Conservatives, or Ratepayers, or whatever the anti-Socialist coalition happens to be called. In Lancashire and some other areas, a respectable number of Liberals will be again in the field; but over the country as a whole Liberalism will be shown to have continued its slow decline. There will be no particular issue in most boroughs—housing generally takes the first place in the Labour programme, with the question of air-raid precautions, and the method of paying for them, as an important subsidiary issue. For the most part, the fight will follow party lines, and it will accordingly provide some test of the electoral progress which the Labour Party has made since the General Election of 1935. The local prophets appear, however, to be expecting no very considerable change, and in most areas rather a small poll. The most interesting fight will be in Leeds, where Labour is making a strong bid for control after its setback arising out of its ambitious scheme of differential rents.

U.S. Labour Divisions

The peace conference between the American Federation of Labour and the Committee for Industrial Organisation has reached an apparent deadlock. The C.I.O. leaders offered to return to the A.F. of L. fold, provided that the C.I.O. should be allowed to become an autonomous department of the Federation, charged with the task of organising the workers in the mass-production industries on industrial, as opposed to craft, lines. This proposal was rejected out of hand by Mr. Green and his colleagues on the ground that the C.I.O., with its larger membership, would dominate the Federation if it remained intact. Their counter-proposal was that all the unions which have transferred their allegiance from the A.F. of L. to the C.I.O. should return to the Federation, that the C.I.O. should be formally dissolved, and that the unions which were never in the Federation but are now members of the C.I.O. should enter the A.F. of L. on "mutually acceptable" terms. These terms were obviously inacceptable to Mr. John L. Lewis; and though the Conference has nominally adjourned until November 4th, there seems to be little hope of the breach being healed. It is to be regretted that American Labour should be facing a period of business recession with its house thus divided.

AUTUMN LITERARY NUMBER

Next week's literary supplement will include an essay on manners by Elizabeth Bowen and reviews by Eileen Power, Cyril Connolly, H. J. Laski, St. John Philby, C. E. M. Joad, V. S. Pritchett, Roger Fulford.

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HIS MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION

THE new session of Parliament finds the Opposition in much better heart than it has been since 1931. It has a new confidence and unity. Its leaders can boast that serious obstacles have been surmounted, that hatchets have been buried and that for the first time since the defection of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden there is a chance of the Labour Party making that united impact on the electorate which might perhaps lead in a few years' time to the achievement of a parliamentary majority. And, if the orthodox leaders are pleased, so is Sir Stafford Cripps. Since deciding to return to the Executive, he has contributed an enthusiastic article to the *Tribune* calling upon his supporters to put aside their animosities and to back the Party in the consciousness that its more democratic constitution opens up new hope for the future. Bewildered by these developments the *Times* so far misreads the situation as to utter a solemn warning that the Labour Party has now moved dangerously to the Left.

Let us try quite objectively to understand what happened to effect this change in feeling. Three significant things occurred at the Bournemouth Conference. The first affected policy, the second settled an old dispute, and the third was the acceptance of an important amendment to the Party constitution and the consequential election of some of the most ardent champions of the Left to the Executive.

First, the Conference passed a resolution which in effect accepted a big armament programme as an unfortunate necessity. This resolution, however, as Mr. Wilfred Wellock shows in our correspondence columns this week, represents not a sudden change, but merely the climax of a development which can be traced from the "never again" stage after the war to the conversion to arms "only for collective security," and on from that, as collective security was progressively undermined, to arms for "the defence of democracy" and to something which in practice seems very little different from preparation for a military alliance against the Fascist Powers. The war-resistance resolutions maintained as the official policy of Labour towards any war except one in support of the League have been for all practical purposes jettisoned. Though the Parliamentary Party may still think it within its rights to record a tactical vote against the Government's rearmament programme, the main result of this year's Trade Union and Party Conferences must be to give the electors the impression that in the event of a war crisis the Labour Party would be at least as ready to co-operate with the National Government as Social Democracy everywhere proved ready to co-operate with capitalist Governments in 1914. Labour, in fact, is no longer a pacifist party (though it still has a pacifist section, led by Mr. Lansbury) and it is certainly not a Party which stands for war-resistance on Marxian grounds. Mr. Attlee and other leaders continue bravely and rightly to argue that their support of rearmament and, in the last resort, of war is conditional on League decisions and not to be assumed merely in support of the British Empire. But Labour's former anti-imperialism has dwindled as the Fascist menace both to liberty and to the British Empire has grown. Disastrous in the long run as this may seem to a considerable section of the Party, no one will doubt that, from an electoral point of view, anything is better than a babel of voices and a contradiction of policy. Dr. Dalton and Mr. Bevin, who are so largely responsible for persuading the Party to its present measure of agreement, may fairly congratulate themselves on an improvement in Labour's prospects at the polls.

It is odd in view of this resolution that the *Times* should regard Labour as moving to the Left. For acceptance of rearmament involves the rejection of any revolutionary policy, if only because it inhibits any industrial action which retards military preparation. It also involves strict moderation in projects for expenditure on social reforms; and the Conference showed a commendable honesty and realism in substituting for a popular scheme of pensions at sixty a less costly and more practical scheme of superannuation. Here again, as in all matters of domestic policy, Labour has moved in the direction of "realism," and may reasonably hope to profit by the advocacy of its very sensible "short programme"—a practical proposal not for revolution, but for a substantial advance towards Socialism.

The second decision at Bournemouth was to put an end to the campaign for Communist affiliation. The bitter opposition of the Executive to the "unity campaign" is easily explicable in its historical setting. For years the Communists fought a disruptive battle, first within and then without the Party. When they suddenly ceased calling the official leaders of the Party "Social Fascists," and denouncing them as the greatest enemy of the working class, it was not unnatural that those leaders should be suspicious, and should recall, in answer to offers of Communist help, Lenin's remark that Communists would support Mr. Arthur Henderson in the same way that a rope supports a man who is about to be hanged. But this is not the end of the story. Support for the unity campaign and for various popular front proposals has come from thousands of people who were not themselves Communists, but who saw no other way of expressing their distress at the lack of initiative shown by Labour headquarters. On many occasions we could mention Transport House has left initiative to the extreme Left and has in fact damped down desirable working-class activity because of its view that anything favoured by Communists is necessarily inadmissible and disloyal. Now that the main issue of affiliation is out of the way we may hope that heresy hunting is also at an end, that there will be a revival of vigour and enterprise in the central councils of the Party, and also that Transport House will not necessarily regard with suspicion any display of energy or initiative that has not been first officially sponsored at Party headquarters.

This brings us to the third and most important event at Bournemouth—the constitutional change. Accepted and put forward by the Executive itself, the proposal to increase the number of seats allotted to the constituency parties and removed from Trade Union control was at the last minute jeopardised by Mr. Ernest Bevin's amendment in favour of "accepting the principle," but postponing its application for a year. The Conference sensibly decided that if the principle was to be adopted there was no point in postponement. This decision marks a great advance in the democratisation of the Party. It provides an answer to those critics who have complained of the

dictation of "Trade Union bosses," and it removes the real danger that the division between the industrial and political sides of the movement might before very long develop into a serious split in the Party. No step could have been taken so calculated to restore confidence; the rank and file can now feel that the Executive is a far more genuinely democratic body. As we remarked the other day, the Party has no Führer or boss in the background, but a more representative leadership which is likely to find all the more willing followers. This favourable impression was clinched by the election to the Executive not only of the orthodox leaders, but also of Sir Stafford Cripps and Professor Laski, who have been its most embarrassing critics in the unity campaign.

This survey of recent developments in the Party explains why its leaders are more hopeful of electoral success and why there is also a more cheerful spirit among their critics who feel that they can make their voices more effectively heard in the central councils of the Party. Whether Labour will in fact make the rapid headway which loyal enthusiasm now predicts depends in part at least on the course of trade and employment. Given a continuance of the present comparative prosperity, it would be optimistic to expect a striking or rapid success for Labour; the proverbial pendulum will in any case swing slowly in its direction, but unless slump conditions alter the attitude of a large part of the middle-class, as in certain circumstances they may do, the tremendous turnover of votes required to give Labour a majority cannot be expected. If Labour comes in, therefore, in the course of the next few years it is likely to be in a slump—a slump which might well be artificially increased by the alarm or pretended alarm of investors at the prospect of even a moderate Socialist Government.

It is at this point that our doubts arise. There seems, as we have suggested, a very serious danger of the lesson of 1914 being forgotten or pushed on one side as an electoral embarrassment. Has the lesson of 1931 also been pushed on one side? That lesson was appreciated at the time by almost all the leaders who remained in the Party. As long as there is a measure of "confidence" and prosperity, a moderate Labour Government will be allowed to cut further slices out of the capitalist cake, to spend more on the social services, to make small advances towards State control over public utilities. But when capitalism itself is in danger, the ranks close; in slump conditions Labour would again be faced with the dilemma that confronted it in 1931 and which has recently confronted and defeated the Front Populaire Government in France. It will have to choose between what will be regarded in a time of serious depression as a revolutionary because genuinely Socialist programme or, alternatively, putting aside its own policy and obeying the instructions of the bankers. Has Labour thought out a policy to meet this danger? Labour once more stands to-day before the country as a coming alternative Government, and if elected in a period of prosperity it might well succeed in carrying important reforms. Analysis suggests, however, that it will not be elected in prosperity, and we look for evidence that it has also the type of policy which will avoid a repetition of the disaster of 1931 and the far more serious consequences to Socialism and to democracy that would follow a repetition of that failure.

COLONIES AND COMMON SENSE

THERE are political questions whose reiteration, in circumstances in which there is no obvious solution, becomes a nuisance. The more insistent the claimant, the more Pharaoh's heart is hardened—not so much through ill-will as out of irritated impatience at his own inability to find an appropriate answer. Such is the question: "What are we to do about Germany's colonial demands?" It is now over five years since ex-Chancellor von Papen first intimated that revision of the *Diktat* of Versailles must extend to the Reich's lost colonies, nearly two years since Hitler, in his exposition of Germany's so-called "peace plan," demanded a solution of "the question of equality of rights in the colonial sphere." The demand has not been satisfied, but this does not dispose of the question. It is kept alive by a steady press campaign in Germany, raised afresh in successive speeches by the Führer and debated interminably in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, where pro-German propagandists, "hands off" Imperialists and amiable idealists argue *in vacuo*. Except for occasional denials in the House that the Empire is to be handed over piecemeal to the Nazis, the Government says little and does less. British public opinion, tutored little as to facts and possibilities, has begun to resent reminders of the existence of a German colonial problem. There are all the makings of a situation in which there will be no effort to negotiate simply because nobody quite knows how the negotiations ought to end. But the alternative to negotiation is acceptance of a deadlock whose issue is only too apt to be another world war. Even if an acceptable settlement is ultimately undiscoverable, it is essential to explore possibilities and, above all, to face the problem honestly, without self-deception.

On both sides the question has been distorted by the disputants. In an article* published not long ago in America, Dr. Schacht, the German Minister of Economics, claimed that for Germany the possession of colonies was a matter not of imperialism or prestige, but of "economic existence." It is easy to prove the absurdity of this contention. Before the war Germany drew from her colonies less than one per cent. of her raw material requirements. The importance of colonial sources of supply of essential foodstuffs and primary commodities is not considerable. Except in the case of rubber, tin, cocoa and some vegetable oils, the colonies of all Powers put together do not produce as much as half the world output of any single commodity; and with a few further exceptions—tea, bananas, copper and phosphates—the colonial proportion of total supplies is less than one-fifth. As markets the world's colonial territories in the aggregate are unimportant; they absorb less than 10 per cent. of world exports. As outlets for surplus population their utility is trivial. Furthermore, the argument that Germany has been starved of raw materials through lack of colonies embraced in her own monetary system does not stand critical examination. All the evidence goes to show that where shortage has arisen it has been due not to Germany's inability to secure access to raw materials, or foreign exchange wherewith to buy them, but to her deliberate concentration on imports of armament commodities at the expense of civil industry, and to her adoption—in pursuance of self-chosen autarky—of elaborate exchange controls and a system of bilaterally "compensated" trade.

On the other hand, it is disingenuous to argue, as the British representative did during the meetings of the League Committee on Raw Materials last spring, that colonies are not an asset, but a liability; that their cost in capital development is an onerous burden; that it is cheaper to buy in the world market; that the principle of the Open Door is already largely applied and that its extension would be detrimental to the progress of natives of the colonial territories. There are, it is true, no preferential import duties in operation in territories held under A and B Mandates from the League, nor in the Congo Basin as re-defined by the Peace Treaties of 1919, nor

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in Morocco. Elsewhere, however, discriminatory tariffs are the rule, and the Suzerain Power enjoys the lion's share of the colonial market, for what it is worth. Moreover, though it might be difficult to prove that the possession of colonies contributes substantially to the Suzerain Power's national wealth, such territories are of unquestionable advantage to the investing class. They provide an outlet for remunerative employment of capital under conditions of security which would be forfeited if political control were transferred to another nation. Furthermore, it has to be borne in mind that the colonial problem is seen by Germany against the background of a British Commonwealth of Sovereign Nations linked by the Ottawa system of preferential tariffs and controlling half the world's wool and rubber, one-third of its copper, a quarter of its wheat and coal, and nearly all its nickel. It is as idle for the colonial "Haves" to pretend that there is no utility in colonies as it is for the "Have Nots" to contend that they are economically essential for their national existence.

When we begin, however, to consider how Germany's claims might be satisfied, we immediately run up against a formidable difficulty. The question of readjustment of colonial territories, forms of administration or tariff policy is one which concerns not merely Britain but every colonial Power—France, Holland, Portugal, Italy and Japan—as well. And the world does not know for certain the real motives behind Germany's demand for colonies, nor the use she would make of them, nor even what Hitler means by "equality in the colonial sphere." It may be that the German Government's ambitions are limited to restoration of the colonial territories—Tanganyika, South-West Africa, the Cameroons, New Guinea and Western Samoa—which she lost after the war. It may be that, as Dr. Schacht stated in the article quoted above, Germany is prepared to discuss special arrangements determining the sovereignty and armed forces of restored colonies, provided that their administration becomes German and the German currency system prevails in them. On the other hand, it is patent that even complete restoration of this relatively diminutive colonial system, still less its partial re-establishment, would have little beneficial effect on Germany's internal economy. It would not even be important as a safeguard to her in the event of her becoming the subject of League sanctions—apart from the consideration that, as sources of assured supplies, colonies are useless without command of the sea. There has been no authoritative German interpretation of what "equality" means in relation to colonies, and it is difficult to forget that before the war Germany's aspirations in the Congo Basin were far from satisfied, and that, at a time when her colonial empire had reached its maximum, Herr von Jagow was warning the French Ambassador that "without colonies Germany would only trouble the peace of Europe."

Legitimate apprehensions that Germany would use recovered colonies as recruiting grounds for native levies, and as air bases menacing sea-communications and that, in general, concessions would be only a step towards further demands, cannot be lightly dismissed. Nor is it practical politics to suggest unconditional transfers of territories. It may be hypocritical to argue that German treatment of natives in colonial territories has been demonstrably much worse than that of other nations. It was bad in South-West Africa, but Belgium's record in the Congo is far from irreproachable and nobody could fairly claim that the policy of the Union Government with regard to natives has been liberal or enlightened. Nevertheless, national prejudices and feelings of possessiveness are facts which must be faced. There would probably be general agreement among the Colonial Powers that a European war would be a preposterous price to pay for preserving the *status quo* in the Cameroons or Samoa, and that if it were merely a matter of restoring Germany's sense of prestige by transferring to her a Mandate here or there, in return for a real pacification in Europe, such concessions would be well worth making. But if it is a question of another partition of Africa, in which Britain would be expected to cede Tanganyika, France and Belgium part of their equatorial possessions, and Portugal, say, Angola, in order that Germany may have unrestricted control of a substantial place in the sun, the chances of agreement sink to zero. Apart from the fact that there is no logical reason why Holland, Italy and Japan should not equally be asked to contribute, negotiations on such a scale would raise the spectre of frontier revision extending to Europe. If lines are to be redrawn in the Congo Basin, what of the Polish Corridor?

This does not mean, however, that the idea of negotiations should be abandoned. On the contrary, it is supremely important that steps should be taken, in open conference, to ascertain precisely what Germany demands, what safeguards not detrimental to her feelings of national honour she is prepared to accept, whether her grievances, real or imaginary, could not be redressed in large part by fiscal adjustments which would involve no violent reshuffling of sovereignties, and what contribution Germany herself is prepared to make towards general economic appeasement. At such a conference, given a bold and enlightened lead from the British Government, the principle might be laid down that the ultimate objective is that all colonial dependencies should be administered under a genuinely internationalised Mandatory system. An immediate beginning might be essayed by recruiting under the auspices of the League an international *corps colonial* to which the administration of an existing mandated territory should be experimentally entrusted. Except in so far as they are essential for the protection of nascent indigenous crafts and industries, the offer might be made that import duties in colonial possessions should be confined to those required for revenue purposes, that the system of preferential duties which has crept in since the war should be denounced, and that the discriminatory export duties enforced by France, Portugal and (in the case of tin) by Britain should be repealed.

But if a serious attempt is to be made to meet Germany's contention that she is frozen out of colonial markets, and if, in addition, she is to be entrusted, under due safeguards against militarisation of natives, with the administration of a Mandate, Hitler can fairly be required to make, in turn, a contribution to economic appeasement. Any change in the disposition of colonial dependencies which served merely to enlarge the scope of German autarky would be a retrograde step. If fiscal, and still more territorial, adjustments are to be made in Germany's favour—not as Danegeld but as an essential step towards greater economic liberalism—then assurances must be obtained that Germany on her part is prepared to modify policies aimed at building up, to the detriment of her agrarian neighbours and to the disservice of international trade as a whole, a closed economy whose self-sufficiency is an objective intelligible only on the assumption that war is contemplated. If Germany is prepared to abandon conceptions of autarky in which guns have preference to butter, it will be up to Britain to take the lead not merely in facilitating her access to colonial raw materials and markets but—much more important to Germany—in proposing to the other members of the Commonwealth a revision of the Ottawa Agreements, whose preferential system, much more than the Union Jack over colonial territories, places other nations at a disadvantage in the 25 per cent. of the globe now coloured red in geographers' maps.

A LONDON DIARY

WHEN Signor Gayda says that 147,000 foreigners are now fighting on the Government side in Spain, one assumes that this is an example of the new political technique which no longer relies on that economy of truth which was always incidental to diplomacy, but which follows Hitler's maxim that you must tell whopping big lies if you want to deceive the bourgeoisie, since it is quite accustomed to tell small ones itself. In this case, however, it is just possible that somebody, a typist or telephone operator, may have added an extra zero

to the figure, for 14,700 would not, in fact, be far wide of the mark. There is no difficulty in knowing how many troops there are on the Government side. They are proud of having gone there, proud of having saved Madrid last November and of having lost so large a proportion of their numbers. The figures are, I believe, as follows. Between September, 1936, when the Brigade first came into being, and July 1st, 1937, about 23,000 foreigners entered Spain to join its ranks. No one thinks there have been any additions since then. Of these, 4,000 have been killed in fighting, or are missing, 4,800 have been repatriated, and there have been 12,000 to 15,000 casualties by wounds or illness at the front. Each contingent, as it was organised, received a short period of training and went up to the front, where it usually suffered heavy casualties. Thus the international force has never at any one time exceeded 15,000, of which no more than 9,000 were ever at the front at the same time. But to obtain reliable figures accurately in this way would scarcely suit the intention of some members of the Non-Intervention Committee, who have two quite different purposes in view. The first is delay in Spain, and the second is to isolate Soviet Russia diplomatically. The actual struggle in the Committee is between Maisky, who is trying to keep France and England on the same side as Russia, and Grandi, who makes verbal concessions in order to manoeuvre Eden and Corbin on to the side of the Fascist bloc. This public duel gave a certain piquancy to the situation in the diplomatic gallery at the opening of Parliament on Tuesday, when Grandi took his seat next to Maisky. The two were observed to be enjoying what was apparently an animated and very good-humoured conversation.

* * *

Dick Sheppard's election at Glasgow is a remarkable event. It has staggered most of the newspapers into silence, but the *Evening Standard*, dauntless as ever, suggested that it was a small percentage poll, not representative at that, conducted in the atmosphere of a rag, and likely to mislead the foreigner. It suggested that unless students could use their vote better they ought to be deprived of it. The facts are that 33⅓ per cent. is higher than the usual poll, that there was one rag —carried out by the Right, with results that were probably useful to Dick Sheppard—and that with this insignificant exception the election was carried out in a perfectly serious and proper manner. According to the rules, each candidate is allowed as many day meetings as he likes, but only one evening meeting. The other three candidates had dances at their evening meetings. Sheppard's people had a packed hall, containing, I understand, about 1,000 people. It was attended by members of the general public and several professors of the University, as well as by undergraduate voters. There were no bombs or rotten eggs, and most of the speakers proclaimed a pure pacifist faith. There was a long lecture on International Law by a Miss Thorneycroft, some impassioned Christian oratory by the Rev. Mr. McLeod of Govan, and speeches by Rose Macaulay, Middleton Murry and C. E. M. Joad. I expect that this meeting had a good deal of effect, because hundreds of students heard the pacifist case well put and never heard it answered. I suppose, too, that many Conservatives did not worry to vote, being sure that Churchill would get in, and that a lot more Conservatives are so much Nationalists that they preferred to vote for the Scottish Nationalist candidate. We may no doubt thank the nationalism of Scottish Conservatives for part of Dick Sheppard's majority. But argue the thing up and down as you please and discuss all possible interpretations, and still you will not get away from the fact that Sheppard's vote was much the largest and that it was a straightforward consciously out-and-out pacifist vote.

* * *

Until now I had never seriously considered how important it may be in law to distinguish between a pet lamb and a commercially purposed sheep. Nor, I imagine, had Mr. R. A. Thomas of Caernarvonshire. Yet reflect: Mr. Thomas, a motor mechanic earning 54*s.* a week, owned a motor car, which he duly insured with the Welsh Insurance Corporation. His policy contained clauses (which he may or may not have read) providing that the insurance cover would be voided if the car were used except for "social, domestic and pleasure purposes" or *for the purposes of the insured's business*, i.e., that of a motor mechanic. Now Mr. Thomas, like most of his neighbours, also owned a sheep or two—five, in fact. On a fatal day in March, 1936, three of these sheep with two lambs were being conveyed along the road in Mr. Thomas's car, when an accident occurred and a third party, Mr. Jones, was injured. He was awarded £622 in damages and costs by the courts against Mr. Thomas, who obviously could not pay, even if he sold all five sheep. He therefore sued Mr. Thomas's insurers. The insurance company pleaded that sheep rearing was a business, but not the one specified in the policy they had underwritten, and in the King's Bench Division last Friday they won their case. So Mr. Jones, after eighteen months' litigation, gets no compensation for his injuries, but is heavily out of pocket in costs. The Welsh Insurance Corporation, who would have had to pay if Mr. Thomas had been an eccentric who kept pet sheep, got off scot-free because the presumption was that a poor mechanic would sell the lambs for profit. This judgment, which Mr. Justice Goddard gave "with as much regret as a Judge may properly feel when he gives effect to what he regards as the legal rights," clinches the case for urgent revision of the laws relating to motor insurance. I sympathise with Mr. Jones on his legal defeat, and withhold with full deliberation my congratulations from the victors.

* * *

I have been reading in the new Heinemann edition of the Bible. At 10*s.* 6*d.*, with the prose printed as prose, the poetry as poetry, and the numbering of chapter and verse removed, it is a good piece of book production. We are so used to a page like a cuneiform stone that the Bible in a readable format takes us by surprise. The press decided *The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature* was news—it is not the first time this idea has been tried—so leader-page puffs of the Bible appeared on the Monday of publication. The tone varied between lush, "Better than Shakespeare" essays, of the sort of which Mr. James Douglas is a master, and snappier efforts by news-experts. One of the latter reviewed the book as though it were an *Enquire Within Upon Everything*—"interested in cooking, animals, politics? then see pages so-and-so; the old folk can still teach us something, etc." Other attempts by journalists to prove to themselves and to their readers that they had got hold of a bit of news were even less convincing. Why is it, I wonder, that even the newspapers which regularly review books, will suddenly disregard all the standards of their literary pages and snatch at a book as news? It may be a trivial book, not worth reviewing at all, or it may be a quite serious one, from which one or two light asides are blown up into a Fleet Street Story. The latest victim of the popular press is a book called *Oxford Limited*, by Keith Briant (Michael Joseph, 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is a very readable survey of undergraduate life at the moment, with some sensible discussion of the proctorial system, hooliganism in restaurants, the banning of pacifist meetings, the disappearance of the aesthete and the rich nitwit, and the spinsterish regime of the women's colleges. As news, though, Oxford has only one aspect for Fleet Street; it must be always "degenerate" Oxford. So half a dozen sentences on the sex and drinking habits of undergraduates were featured by several newspapers under the usual headlines, "Why Oxford loses the Boat-race," etc. Having created this view of Oxford long ago for their readers, newspapers, I suppose, must continue to support it whatever happens, but I feel sorry for the author of the book. Many books about Oxford are as sensational as the newspapers which quote them; it must be galling for the writer of a decent book on the subject to find himself, also, inevitably caught up in the news-racket.

* * *

Stark madness grows in the world. I've got used to hearing murder praised as the highest virtue, seeing people deprived

of their jobs because of the shapes of their grandmothers' noses, and peace-makers beaten and imprisoned as traitors. But I'm not sure that I've seen anything much more mad than a case reported from Ireland. Has there ever been a time before in history when a boy and girl could be punished for a kiss? I quote from the *Manchester Guardian*:

> A young Glasgow girl who, in a public place, kissed a boy while on holiday in the Irish Free State this summer will be unable to return to that country in consequence of a sentence imposed upon her in her absence by the district justice at Dundalk, Co. Louth, yesterday . . . The case was reported by the Blackrock Vigilance Committee, and it was stated that the couple were kissing in church grounds. It was agreed that nothing "immoral" had happened. A week ago the boy was ordered to pay £2 to an Irish church charity and costs "for an act of impropriety in a public place." The justice held that the incident was likely to cause "a grave scandal."

* * *

Clearly silhouetted against the window was a huge black cat. As the outside window-ledge was narrow and the cat inordinately big, I stopped in surprise. There was only the glass between us, but the cat took no notice. I tapped on the window. It twitched its ears and turning in profile, yawned at the lamp-lit street beneath it. Puzzled, I lifted the window. There was no cat there; it went, as it were, with the window-pane. A ghost cat, evidently, most disturbing to a confirmed rationalist. I closed the window and there exactly as before was the large black cat sitting against the window-pane. I lifted the window again and put my hand through the space where the cat should have been. It was raining gently and the window-ledge was cold. I leant out and suddenly the mystery was explained and the laws of nature vindicated. About 30 feet away there was a street lamp and under the street lamp a wall. On the wall I detected a movement. It was the cat. What I had seen was the shadow of the cat silhouetted against the window-pane exactly as a magic lantern picture appears on the screen. I understood more clearly how it is that one finds credible witnesses to the existence of ghosts. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. R. D. Watterson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The fitness of the body and the healthiness of the mind were dependent one upon the other. They could not be physically fit unless they kept their minds fit. They ought to start a campaign for spiritual fitness. During the afternoon Mrs. Bland sang *Oh, To Be a Gipsy* and *Five Little Piccaninnies.*—*Beckenham and Penge Advertiser.*

Mr. G. Simmons, Liverpool, contended that Irishmen came over with the sole idea of qualifying for unemployment insurance benefit, which enabled them to live in luxury, as it was more than they received for working in Ireland.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Two stories of animal sagacity were told yesterday. One concerns Mary, a Yorkshire terrier, at Plymouth. She has not missed a swim for six years. The other is about Tom (top), tabby pet at a Hendon café. Although a fire has ruined the building, Tom still calls it home and refuses to leave.—*Daily Herald.*

In the Marie Celeste maternity ward she stopped to talk to a mother who had in her arms a newly-born baby, crying lustily. "Why is he crying?" asked the Queen. "He is not crying, he is singing the National Anthem," said the proud mother. That amused Queen Mary.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Captain Harold Harington Balfour, 39, Tory M.P. for the Isle of Thanet. A first-rate man. Curly-haired and courageous, he directs companies for a living. But he has done plenty of other things in his time . . . Shot down eleven enemy airplanes. Also shot down a German balloon and killed the observer as he descended in a parachute. "I followed him down," says Captain Balfour, "as he swung helplessly below his parachute, and shot the best part of 100 rounds into him . . . his body just continued to swing."—Peter Howard on "Politicians and Politics" in *Sunday Express.*

WHAT HORRIFIED THE M.P.

"O HORRIBLE! O horrible! Most horrible!" The cry of the anguished ghost in *Hamlet* came into my mind as I read a letter in the *Times* from Sir William Brass, M.P., who wrote: "Having just returned from an extensive tour on the continent of Europe, embracing seven different countries, without noticing any police activity against motorists such as we have here, I was horrified to hear in the House of Commons yesterday an answer from the Home Office to the effect that no fewer than 58,641 prosecutions were made by the police in the Metropolitan area in the year 1936 for the technical offence of exceeding the 30-miles-an-hour limit in built-up areas."

Horrified. The word deserves to be underlined as Queen Victoria would certainly have underlined it in comparable circumstances. As one reads it, one can almost see Sir William's hair slowly rising till it was standing on end at the appalling revelation of the Home Secretary. Sir William had probably come into the House in a hearty, jubilant frame of mind, feeling, after his visit to seven European countries, that this is a pretty good world—a world in which motorists can breathe that air of freedom for which Pym and Hampden and thousands of other people fought and sometimes bled. Then, startling as a thunderclap, came the announcement of the Home Secretary that in the Metropolitan area alone the police were crippling the freedom of motorists to such an extent that they actually prosecuted 58,641 of them in a single year merely for breaking the law. No wonder that Sir William started in his seat, unable even to articulate the one word, "Monstrous!" that could have done justice to the situation. Having just returned from the Continent, he could not say with Macbeth:

> I have supped full with horrors; Direness . . . cannot once start me.

Horrors were a novelty to him. The news of them, reaching him in his unprepared state, naturally shook him to the depths of his being. And the most shattering blow of all was the knowledge that they had occurred, and were still occurring, in his own country—in England, the land of the free.

It is surely a very odd thing—symptomatic, perhaps, of the times in which we live—that a man having been elected to Parliament to make laws for his country, should be horrified when the police take proceedings against those who break the laws that Parliament has made. In the old days the attitude of constitutional M.P.s to law breakers—Irishmen, Suffragettes and so forth—was certainly different. Invariably the law-breaker was told: "So long as this is the law, you must obey it. If you think it is a bad law, all you have to do is to persuade a majority of your fellow-citizens that this is so, and Parliament will change it. Meanwhile obey. That is the first principle of democracy." Sir William, however, seems to regard the law-breaking motorist as a new and innocent kind of law-breaker. He appears to think that a man who exceeds the speed-limit in a built-up area is doing no harm so long as he is not actually driving dangerously and so ought to be left to break the law in peace. I do not think it is any defence of a law-breaker to say that he is doing no harm. Many of the best law-breakers of the past—Irish Nationalists and Suffragettes, for example—claimed, and with some justice, that they were doing good. And it seems to me that, if a law-breaker who is doing no harm should be left free to do as he likes, there is an even stronger case for allowing perfect freedom to the law-breaker who is doing good. The police, however, never understand these things. They see a man breaking the law and rush to conclusions detrimental to the liberty of even the most saintly law-breaker.

Here, I think, the police are right. It has never been a generally accepted principle that anyone who can break a law without doing any harm should be at liberty to break it. Take, for example, the railway by-law which compels the

passenger to cross from one station platform to another by the bridge. There is no reason why an intelligent man, taking due care and choosing the right time, should not be able to cross the line itself, ignoring the bridge, in perfect safety. Probably, if there were no bridges and we were all allowed to cross the line in the natural way, the annual number of the casualties would be only a small fraction of the number of the motoring casualties on the roads. Yet the railway companies, thinking not of the majority of sensible people who would be careful, but of the minority of foolish people who would get killed, forbid anybody at all to cross the line except by the bridge. What a restriction of liberty! How it would have horrified Pym and Hampden and the others! If railway passengers had only the spirit of motorists, we should see thousands of them prosecuted weekly for insisting on their right to cross the line on the level. Railway travellers, however, are unimaginative. They are utterly blind to the fact that, if the police interfere with law-breakers who are doing no harm, it is the police and not the law-breakers who are the guilty parties, and that the activities of the police in such circumstances are enough to curdle the blood of a legislator with horror.

And yet, looking at the matter dispassionately, I cannot help thinking that the railway passenger who refuses to use the bridge has a better case for being left alone than the motorist who exceeds the speed-limit. The railway passenger, after all, risks only his own life, unless someone tries to rescue him at a critical moment. The motorist drives at an even greater risk to other people's lives than to his own. I agree with those who maintain that, even without a speed-limit, a careful and unselfish driver would be of little danger to other people; but, if we suppose—as we must—that so many as two per cent. of drivers are careless and therefore dangerous, how can we make them less dangerous without limiting in some way the liberties of all motorists? There is no disputing the fact that, when the speed-limit in towns was abolished, the selfish motorist took advantage of this to drive more dangerously. After its abolition, when I was crossing Hampstead High Street in the evening, I used to escape death by inches. Now that it has been reimposed, I can escape death by yards. That seems to me—though it may not seem so to other people—to be a gain. And I do not see how so beneficial a state of affairs could have been brought about except by the imposition and enforcement of the speed-limit. Let motorists drive at their own discretion, and a dangerous proportion of them will be indiscreet. And then things will happen that will horrify even a Member of Parliament back from the continent of Europe.

So far as I can see, a purely mechanical test of driving to the public danger is necessary. The driver of the car always denies that he was driving dangerously, and things happen so quickly in motoring that, after an accident, it is often difficult to obtain clear evidence as to who caused the accident. Hence, rightly or wrongly, believing that fast driving in built-up areas was potentially dangerous, the authorities decided to impose the speed limit in order to ensure greater safety for the public. It is impossible in such circumstances to leave it to the individual motorist to decide when he may exceed the speed-limit with perfect safety. One might as well leave it to him to decide when he might cross the road against the traffic lights with perfect safety. I have often been pulled up by traffic lights when there was no other car visible in any direction, but I never felt aggrieved because I had to conform to a regulation that was superfluous for the moment but that, on the whole, works well. Nor do I believe the vast majority of motorists feel half so aggrieved by the regulations governing motoring as they are represented to be by those who voice their grievances in the press.

I myself, for example, while motoring for many years, have never been conscious of being a victim of those "mass petty persecutions" to which, according to Sir William Brass, motorists are subjected. As I motor through the country, I would not willingly change places with the cyclists and pedestrians I pass on the road. My troubles, my loss of rights, are nothing to theirs. The truth is, we people who are licensed to keep motor cars are a privileged race and can be proved by statistics to be much more dangerous than the people who are licensed to keep firearms. If we are persecuted at all—and, in view of some of the things that are happening in the world, "persecution" seems to me to be too strong a word even for this—it is only when the police prosecute us for leaving our car too long in a parking-place that is half empty. I have for years maintained that, if we have any wrongs to complain about, we suffer most of these at the hands, not of the police, but of other motorists—the crawling driver on the crown of the road, the cutter-in, the racer who tears round a corner towards us on the wrong side of the road. It is of such persons that I could a tale unfold that would make an M.P.'s hair stand on end like quills upon the fretful portentine. It is these fellows who horrify me, and will go on horrifying me till the road police are in full swing and put a stop to their activities—or, inactivities, as the case may be.

Y. Y.

HAPPY CIRCLE

It may be that the beer of which England talked in days past while Europe spoke of liberty remains best as a social solvent for this country's internal discontents and frictions. But though political passions still may be drowned at the bottom of a pint tankard, the post-war product of large-scale capitalist breweries is not much of a thing to talk about. The mass-mentality of England, in a present in which Europe is speaking of "ideological" war, is engrossed not by the rival claims of bitter and mild, but by the varied attractions of the dozen or more Football Pools whose dividends offer, to probably two out of every three English homes, the weekly chance of a "mad, magenta minute in the lavender of life."

"Hard up? A big Pool may make you independent for life." This sort of slogan, typical of the "literature" advertising the Pools, has a compelling appeal. The close corporation of astute entrepreneurs who comprise the Football Pool Promoters' Association have built up a remarkable business by exploiting three factors, namely: (1) the Englishman's inherent love of betting on "sport"; (2) the difficulties placed by law in the way of the poor man who wants to bet, but cannot legalise his activities by attending race-meetings or by securing credit with any of the big, off-course bookmakers; and (3) the superior attractions of a long-odds chance to a backer who can only afford a stake of a shilling or two. The 1936 Report of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, which points proudly to a 20 per cent. increase in the totalisators' aggregate turnover for the year of £7,368,000, has to admit that out of 3,108 win dividends only 670 represented odds greater than 10—1 against, and that the record dividend for 1936 was only 327—1 against. Compare these relatively lean rewards for the fortunate "bob each way" students of racing form with the harvest reaped by the lucky forecasters of results in the nation's winter sport. For the first Saturday of October one Pool paid £1,785, another £2,054 for a penny invested.

The method of investment is simple. For the ambitious and optimistic there is the Penny Pool, in which the results—home win, win away, or draw—have to be forecast in a specified number of matches, ranging normally from nine to fifteen. Here the mathematical odds against a correct forecast run into millions, but are reduced (so experts say) by correct ascertainment of proven probabilities to a few hundred thousand to one against. For less speculatively minded investors the promoters provide pools in which a certain number of results—typically 7–10 wins, 4 "away" wins, or 3 draws—have to be named out of a long list of matches. Stakes per entry range from threepence to sixpence; the odds against range from 100—1 to 20,000—1 against; and the dividends to each winner are proportionately high.

Combined with these chances of "independence for a

lifetime" there is the additional attraction that there is no need to dodge the police in quest of a street "bookie." Under the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934, investment in football Pools is perfectly legal, so long as the betting is done on credit. It is not necessary even to invoke that "substantial element of skill" which appears still to protect the popular newspapers' "pay to enter" Crosswords. Entrants must be of age; the first weekly coupon which they fill up and send in must not be accompanied by cash. The amount due on the first coupon accompanies the second, and so on. Arrangements for black-listing defaulters are elaborate; new clients are limited to stakes of a few shillings for a trial period; and in any case bad debts are borne not by the promoters but by the Pool itself.

The growth of the business during the past three years has been extraordinary. Eighteen months ago its annual turn-over was estimated by a Government spokesman in Parliament to be of the order of £20,000,000. To-day it is probably double that figure. Something like 8,000,000 citizens contribute stakes averaging in the aggregate, say, £5 per football season. They add about £1,000,000 a year to the Postmaster-General's income from postal orders, and enrich the Pool promoters to the tune of some £2,000,000 net, after deduction of all the considerable office expenses from the gross proceeds.

Apart from the fact that several thousand clerical employees of the Pools may be said to be engaged on distinctly unproductive work, it is difficult to make out a case for the legal prohibition of this increasingly popular form of speculative investment. The permutations involved in the forecasting of a series of results are such that the Pools do not lead to the financial corruption of footballers even to the extent that betting has on occasion corrupted the honesty of trainers and jockeys on the race-course. The amount staked by the vast majority of households each week represents as a rule much less than the 5 per cent. of income legitimately attributable to "pleasure"; and, as between Pool, Cinema and Pub, the preference shewn by several millions of citizens for Pools is not demonstrably anti-social.

That pleasure is derived from participation in the Pools is unquestionable. The advertisements of one of the largest promoters are accompanied by the photograph of a smiling young woman who informs the world that "membership of the Happy Circle" embracing this particular Pool's satisfied adherents means entry into "the finest sports-fellowship ever known." The claim may sound absurd to NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers whose appetite for pleasure—titillated possibly by "Caliban"—would be quickly sated by marking—in face of gigantic odds—a series of football coupons. Nevertheless, it is valid in the sense that millions of electors who can expect little out of the capitalist system's democracy but a life of drudgery and the painful task of just making ends meet find, via the Pools, entry into that happy and exciting fellowship for whom Fortune, however improbably, may have sudden wealth in store.

One modification only in this remarkable mechanism for increasing the velocity of circulation suggests itself. Though competition between Pool promoters is beneficial to the advertising revenue of the periodicals which specialise in giving expert advice in the compilation of coupon forecasts, greater centralisation of the industry would clearly lead to economies in overhead costs. Its product, namely, the distribution of cash to winners, would not suffer deterioration of quality under a monopoly, nor is it a business in which the pioneering spirit of private enterprise gives consumers demonstrably better results than those which would be attained under bureaucratic control. In short, though its strategic importance in war-time may be trivial and its power to influence the price-level negligible, the Pool industry is one in which the case for nationalisation is irresistible. As Chancellor of an Exchequer fortified by a 5 per cent. commission on the stakes of a nation-wide sports-fellowship, Sir John Simon, rather than a *photogénique* blonde, should surely preside over the Happy Circle.

ALASTAIR

Correspondence

TWO QUESTIONS

SIR,—Like many other people, I tried as long as possible to regard the League of Nations as offering the best chance of a solution to the problem of war. But to-day it is obviously no more than an aspiration, and I find myself unable to decide between the complete pacifism of Dick Sheppard and the efforts of democrats and Socialists to get together to oppose Fascism. Can I avail myself of the hospitality of your columns to address a simple question to each group?

I want to ask Dick Sheppard, Lord Ponsonby and the others, how far their pacifism extends: If Mussolini or Japan make war and tell us that they will make war on us too unless we go on being parties to their murders and supply them with oil and other supplies, are we to sell them what they want for fear of provoking them? If so, I am not a pacifist. I have heard talk of pacifism evolving a "new technique" of resistance. If so, I would like to know how to apply it to the case of Spain or China. I can see that war has become an idiotic, indiscriminate and inefficient method of resistance. But I am sure we must resist, if we are to be men at all; if pacifism is just trying to keep out of things and not provoke the bully, then I'd rather be a silly soldier.

On the other hand, I want to ask those whom I respect in the other camp whether they are now prepared to carry through the implications of their own policy. Would they personally be willing, if it were necessary in the war against the Fascists, to drop bombs on individuals with whom they have no quarrel except for their obedience to orders or their willingness to fight for an idea that they have been duped into thinking of supreme importance? If—to put my question to actual people I respect—Sir Norman Angell, Ernest Bevin, Philip Baker, Mr. Arnold-Forster and Professor Laski would not themselves burn babies alive and dismember men and women, are they prepared to urge other men on to do the dirty work they would not do themselves? The appalling letter you published last week quoting Bruno Mussolini's book on the joys of bombing Abyssinians displays the sort of mentality that is likely to be most efficient in modern war and which, I suppose, we shall have to try to produce and to emulate if a war comes which we are committed to supporting.

A. B.

LABOUR ON THE SLIPPERY SLOPE

SIR,—The decision of the Labour Party on armaments and foreign policy at its recent Annual Conference at Bournemouth raises issues of major importance. It is impossible to ignore that decision, since it may determine whether or not there shall be a second world war. The Labour Movement will probably provide the alternative Government to that now in power, and if the tendencies continue which have been responsible for the important changes in the Party's policy in recent years, unsuspected consequences may follow. The present position of the Party needs careful examination, therefore, as do also the stages by which that position has been reached.

Immediately after the Great War and the khaki election of 1918, the Labour Party, reviewing the four years of war in which the workers of Europe had engaged in mass suicide, and witnessing the triumph of reaction and the wreckage of Labour's international organisation, said "Never again"! It repeated that phrase louder and louder as the years passed, and supported it by passing resolutions at its Annual Conferences in which the note of war resistance grew ever stronger. Here are extracts from two of those resolutions:

At Margate, in 1926, the Party resolved to:

> Meet any threat of war by organising general resistance, including the refusal to bear armaments, to produce armaments, or to render any material assistance . . .

At Hastings, in 1933, the Party pledged itself:

> To take no part in war and to resist it with the whole force of the Labour Movement.

The Hastings resolution was the last of its kind. War resistance now gave place to a League policy, which involved the possibility of League wars on behalf of Collective Security. Arthur Henderson, supported by his colleagues, Hugh Dalton and Philip Baker, was chiefly responsible for this change. The new policy, adopted at Southport, in 1934, stated that "the Government of Great Britain might have to use its military and naval forces in

support of the League in restraining an aggressor nation . . ."

Two years later, at Edinburgh, collective security as originally understood was thrown over in favour of what is essentially a balance of power policy, as the following words show :

> This Conference declares that the armed strength of the countries loyal to the League of Nations must be conditioned by the armed strength of the potential aggressors.

That resolution plainly envisages a war between two huge blocks of Powers, precisely as in 1914.

In the discussion on that resolution, Herbert Morrison argued that arms policy should be related to foreign policy, and declared :

> Having regard to its lack of loyalty to the League of Nations, this Government's armaments policy is a purely competitive national armaments policy, and we cannot vote for it in the House of Commons.

But Hugh Dalton made no such stipulation. Ernest Bevin rose to point out this difference, and asked for an official interpretation of the resolution. Attlee, winding up the debate, supported Morrison, saying :

> We shall continue to oppose this Government on its foreign policy and its arms policy . . .

The Conference voted on that undertaking. Yet in July last the Parliamentary Labour Party, led by Dalton and others, decided by a narrow majority not to vote against the final estimates for the Fighting Services, Attlee and Morrison being in the minority. The National Council of Labour supported the decision, and the Bournemouth Conference has endorsed it. We naturally ask : Whither is that decision going to lead ?

Gone are the days when Herbert Morrison can speak as he did at the Albert Hall on December 5th, 1926 :

> I ask you, therefore, to dedicate yourselves anew to the great cause of international peace. It is for you to let the Government know, and others know, that so far as you are concerned you are finished with war, and that you will take no part in it, either collectively or individually.

Or Ernest Bevin as he did at the Central Hall, Westminster, on November 7th, 1925 :

> . . . If ever our great Movement resorts to the gun the work of a hundred years will be obliterated. We want to teach our children that resistance to war is more glorious than to take part in it.

I think history will show that Ernest Bevin was a greater prophet in 1925 than in 1937. When the earth is strewn with a thousand Guernicas, Cantons and Shanghais, and far worse, where shall we look for democracy, liberty and justice, for Trade Unionism and *its members ?*

Labour now demands, in the words of Dalton, as chairman at Bournemouth, that " our country must be powerfully armed." But how powerfully, and for what precise purpose ? No one knows. Whether or not the present armaments programme is sufficient, we do not know. To what extent Labour is prepared to support recruiting and the militarisation of the nation, we have no knowledge, although if Labour's fear of Fascism grows much more, it is difficult to see how industrial or military conscription can be refused if asked for by the Government. Should that happen, then we shall " accept Fascism in order to conquer Fascism," as Attlee put it at Edinburgh, and so pay the penalty of divorcing armaments policy from foreign policy.

What is actually happening, and what we may expect to happen is the placing of more and more emphasis on armanents and the things that lead to armaments, such as boycotts and sanctions, and less and less emphasis on constructive peace action. And that, I think, is fatal. It means that we are heading for the second world war.

At the Labour Party demonstration at Bournemouth, Charles Dukes asked the Movement to be ready to defend democracy if need be by force. Ernest Bevin stated at Edinburgh that he was afraid " we may have to go through force to liberty." And at the T.U.C., at Norwich, Sir Walter Citrine stated that :

> The Labour Movement had to envisage not merely the possibility but the probability of the League having to take decisive action of a military or naval character.

Thus Labour, having completed the circle, lands back to 1914, to a probable Balance of Power war, camouflaged as a League war to defend democracy. Thus the *never again* of 1919 has become *once again* in 1937.

And there is an alternative policy. It consists of facing *now*, of seeking to remove *now*, the causes of the aggression of recent years, viz., economic nationalism and imperialism. Let Labour attack Japanese, Italian and German aggression by all means, but let it also attack and seek to remove the causative aggression of British and other imperialism. Let it throw off this self-righteous veil it is now wearing, and be ready to pay the price of peace by declaring its readiness to bring the British Empire into the arena of free and frank discussion between all the Powers, with a view to working out a bold, revolutionary policy of international economic co-operation. Let Labour challenge the Government and the country on this issue *now*. Big sections of public opinion are committed to such a policy, and these, by bold action, Labour might draw into its orbit. Let Labour shed its feet of clay, the militarism that is bound to destroy it in the end, and follow the only policy which accords with its basic principles.

Quinton, Birmingham. WILFRED WELLOCK

THE PALESTINE MURDERS

SIR,—In my previous letter, I argued that the terrorist movement in Palestine, and in particular the assassination of Mr. Andrews, could only be understood in relation to the political situation in that country and the coercive methods of British autocracy. Mr. Israel Cohen, in your issue of October 23rd, has criticised my argument. His criticisms seem to me unconvincing, but I think they should be answered.

I argued that the terrorist movement, in Palestine as in India and elsewhere, was the expression of strongly held political beliefs which are denied an adequate constitutional outlet. Mr. Cohen replies that the Arabs have been offered and have refused such an outlet, and cites the Legislative Councils, offered in 1922 and 1935, and the Arab Agency, offered in 1922. The argument turns therefore on the character of these institutions and on the degree of self-government which they would have given to the Arabs.

The Legislative Council offered in 1922 was to be of the normal Crown Colony pattern, with ten official and twelve non-official members ; the latter elected indirectly through electoral colleges arranged on a community basis, not less than two of which were to be Christian and two Jewish. The Council offered in 1935 was superficially of a rather more liberal pattern, being composed of five official, eleven nominated, and twelve elected members, to be elected by direct election. Of the nominated members three (including one Bedu) were to be Moslems, four Jews, two Christians, and two " Commercial." Of the elected members eight were to be Moslems, three Jews, and one Christian. Restrictions on the powers of the Council included the following :

(i) No vote for the expenditure of public money or the imposition of taxation to be proposed except by direction of the High Commissioner.

(ii) The High Commissioner to have the right of veto and legislation by decree.

(iii) Labour immigration schedules to be determined by the High Commissioner.

(iv) The Mandate not to be called in question.

The Arab Agency would, of course, have been a purely advisory body, with functions analogous to those entrusted to the Jewish Agency by Article 4 of the Mandate.

I maintain that none of these offers could have been accepted by the Arabs or their representatives, basing their position, as they did, on a repudiation of the Mandate as a dictated settlement and on the right of the people of Palestine to determine their own form of government. A Legislative Council, less than half of whose members were to be elected, whose powers were to be hedged about with every kind of restriction, could not be accepted by the Arabs as an adequate constitutional outlet for their political beliefs without compromising over principles which they considered vital. Hence the Palestine Government has remained an undiluted autocracy, depending for its existence, so far as the Arab population is concerned, upon the threat or use of force and not upon consent. This is the type of political situation which breeds terrorism. There is an interesting passage in Mr. Lester Hutchinson's book, *The Empire of the Nabobs*, in which he analyses the causes of terrorism in India :

> Terrorism is the inevitable consequence of autocracy. It is the only way a discontented and emotional lower-middle class can voice its economic and political discontent as it is denied the ballot-box.

This analysis applies, I think, to terrorism in Palestine.

Mr. Cohen's second point is that the terrorist movement is the expression of the feelings not of the Palestinian Arabs as a whole nor of their representatives, but of a small band of extremists acting under foreign influence. As regards the foreign influence Mr. Cohen may be right, but I should like to see the evidence. I agree that it is only a minority which actively participates in the secret committees that organise terrorist acts. The Arab Higher

Committee is, I imagine, quite honest in disowning responsibility; the Government's charge of "moral responsibility" shows plainly enough that there was no evidence of genuine responsibility. But it is naturally impossible for the mass of the Arab people not to feel some sympathy with the terrorists; they share the terrorist's hatred of British imperialism, though they disapprove of his method of attack. (I am speaking of course of terrorist attacks on prominent Government officials, not of indiscriminate acts of terrorism.) In any case the question of the attitude of the Arab masses and the Arab leaders to the terrorists is not really relevant to my argument that it is lack of political opportunity and self-governing institutions that is the chief cause of terrorism.

Finally, Mr. Cohen rejects my analogy between the assassination of Mr. Andrews by an Arab nationalist and the assassination of a Gestapo official by an anti-Nazi. The Gestapo, he says, practise a policy of terrorism; whereas British coercive action "simply consists of punitive measures necessitated by an outbreak of murder, arson, and sabotage." This seems to me to be special pleading. There is no essential difference, from the subject's point of view, between the police-state in Germany and the police-state in Palestine. The Palestine Arabs, like German Communists, Socialists and Liberals, are struggling for elementary democratic rights, in particular the right to be ruled by a government of their own choosing. Convinced by fifteen years' experience that constitutional methods of struggle are ineffective they have during the last eighteen months turned to methods of violence and mass-resistance, as did the Irish people in the years 1919–1921. Britain, as in the case of Ireland, has replied to violence with coercion—with collective fines, destruction of homes, mass imprisonment, concentration camps, transportation of leaders, machine-gunning from aeroplanes. It is open to Mr. Cohen, if he pleases, to attack the police-state of Germany and defend the police-state of Palestine, but on grounds of personal preference, not on grounds of any intrinsic difference between the methods of government employed in the two countries. Both preserve a measure of order by oppression which has the backing of law. If you stress the fact of oppression you call such government tyranny. If you stress the fact of order you call it "punitive measures necessitated, etc.," In any case, in revolting against the Government of a police-state it must be allowed that the Palestine Arabs are simply making use of that ancient right of civil society—the right to resist oppression by revolution.

THOMAS HODGKIN

6 High Street, Whitehaven, Cumberland.

SIR,—No doubt the German and the Italian press have exaggerated the horrors of British repression in Palestine, but does that justify democrats in this country in acquiescing in the principle of repression, in however mild a form?

The *Daily Telegraph* published this week an account of the theft of a number of rifles from a police station in Southern Palestine. The police were unable to find the thieves or the rifles, although they searched every house in the village. Thereupon it was announced that they would dynamite one house for each rifle stolen, and the destruction was begun at once, while a collective fine was imposed on the village and various restrictions laid on the personal liberty of all the male inhabitants. To judge from other reports, this is not an isolated instance.

What would the *Daily Telegraph*—to say nothing of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—say if such vicarious punishments were meted out in this country? But unfortunately, sir, you do not seem to think that a protest is called for when they happen in Palestine, although you have been honourably to the fore in outspoken criticism of similar methods in India, and in the past—under perhaps even more similar conditions—in Ireland.

Please do not conclude that I am "pro-Arab." I am not. But if, as you say, Italy fans the flame of Arab sedition in pursuit of her own interests, surely Britain, as a matter of self-interest alone, if for no higher motive, should attempt to conciliate the Arabs, and not to drive them by terrorism into Italy's arms.

31 Epping New Road, SCOTT BAYLISS
Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

[We said in our Comments last week that some of the methods which were being used to put down terrorism in Palestine were hard to defend. We do not defend—we strongly object to—the "retributive" destruction of houses. But what does our correspondent mean by saying we should attempt to conciliate the Arabs? Has he studied the history of the past year and more? If so, he must surely realise that the aim of British policy—as shown by the Report of the Royal Commission, the proposed Partition scheme, and the decision to send out another Commission—is precisely to achieve a settlement which will conciliate the Arabs. But that does not mean giving terrorism a free hand, abandoning all hope of an equitable settlement and letting the Jews go to the devil.—ED. *N.S. & N.*].

THE WIDER CENSORSHIP

SIR,—"Once a Librarian" (writing in your current issue) has obviously allowed himself to get out of touch with present conditions in the profession and has, maybe, even forgotten what he knew of the conditions of the past.

Frankly, part of his letter is a gross libel upon a profession in which educational progress has been most marked in recent years. In the olden days to which he refers it *was* the practice to employ elementary school boys and to underpay them and make them work for outrageously long hours, despite which many of them studied in their "spare time"; the scholar, excepting the man who acquired his scholarship in the course of his career as a librarian, was an exception. We had then men of undoubted scholarship, but "Once a Librarian" should know that most of these were in fact elementary school boys who had found, as Carlyle said, that "the best university of these days is a collection of books."

These conditions no longer apply. The Library Association has for some years strenuously advocated the employment of entrants with education of not less than School Leaving Certificate standards; it will allow no others to sit for its professional examinations. It advocates the employment of those with higher education wherever possible, and indeed there are many graduates now engaged in library work. Of those elected to the Fellowship of the L.A. during the last five years, over one-fourth have enjoyed university education It is untrue to say that the Library Association Council has "set its face against education on a university basis"; the L.A., in fact, is co-partner with London University in the control of a University School of Librarianship.

It is equally false to say that the L.A. is a Trade Union. It is an association holding a Royal Charter of which employing authorities are members equally with practising librarians.

As for the other matters he raises:

The L.A. Council has recently given very thorough consideration to the whole question of Government control and the position of the Board of Education. This year it issued a series of recommendations, adopted almost unanimously at its Annual Meeting, definitely refuting the suggestion that it was desirable to make any change in the present system of local autonomy.

We are not blind to the deficiencies of public libraries, though we recognise that these are, in most places, due to the apathy or ignorance of the local authorities and the public concerned rather than to the library profession which has always maintained an unceasing campaign for better library service for all sections of the public—a campaign which would ill-befit either a "mere trade union" or a body of uneducated persons.

I am sorry that it is true that two of the London Metropolitan Boroughs have not yet displayed that desire for efficiency and economy which would have brought them into the London Union Catalogue Scheme—but I have little doubt they will soon follow the example of the other twenty-seven London Metropolitan library systems. If there is any truth in "Once a Librarian's" allegation that a librarian will not take the trouble to use the National Central Library, surely his remedy is obvious—that of complaint to the local authority against what is an obvious neglect of duty on the part of an official.

LIONEL MCCOLVIN,
The Library Association, Honorary Secretary.

[We are obliged to hold over a number of letters from librarians, most of which make similar points.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

AID FOR CHINA

SIR,—Public opinion has been roused by the undeclared war which Japan has inflicted upon China in direct violation of her solemn treaty obligations—a war accompanied by ruthless measures of aerial bombardment on open cities and non-combatants.

If China is to be helped to withstand this new barbarism, this opinion must be organised and informed. The China Campaign Committee, formed two weeks ago for this purpose, has already become an active centre from which many interested bodies and individuals have already obtained information and assistance in the organisation of special China meetings in all parts of the country. Three consignments of medical supplies, chloroform, ether, novocaine and other drugs, especially requested by Madame Chiang Kai-shek, have been despatched to the Ministry of Health, Nanking, from which they will be distributed as and where they are most required.

But more money and more support are required. The Committee, therefore, asks you to allow us, through your columns, to make an appeal to every member of the public to send the very largest sum of money that he or she can afford to help this work.

The money subscribed will be used for the following objects :

(1) To finance the collection of medical supplies, of gifts in kind such as clothes, and to send it to the Chinese authorities who will allocate it as they think best.

(2) To arrange independently, or through any interested bodies, meetings and conferences in order to consolidate the feeling in the country to a moral protest strong enough to inspire a public and private boycott of Japanese trade.

(3) To supply speakers and literature on Japanese aggression.

We appeal to your readers to express their sympathy in a practical form by sending a contribution without delay to the Hon. Treasurer, China Campaign Committee, China Institute, 91 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

China Campaign Committee, 34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

LISTOWEL, President.
CHANG SU-LEE,
VICTOR GOLLANCZ, Chairman.

THE BASQUE CHILDREN

SIR,—In view of the concerted attempt by General Franco's sympathisers in this country—both Roman Catholic and Anglican—to send the Basque refugee children back to Bilbao, may we call your readers' attention to the following information from the Basque newspaper, *Euzko Deya*, published in Paris :

> Two groups, totalling 38 Spanish women, recently repatriated to rebel territory, have been shot by the insurgents. The larger group, 27 in number, had taken refuge in France, and following the recent French Government order for the repatriation of Spanish refugees, had elected to return to rebel territory. The other 11 had also returned there not long ago and were detained in the Kursal Prison at San Sebastian before being shot.

We believe that any attempt to carry into effect the proposal to repatriate the Basque children now in this country—such as that being urged on the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief by the authorities of the Roman Church—would be abhorrent to any decent-minded Christian.

H. S. LAURIE
On behalf of the Executive Christian Foodship Committee

32 Russell Square, W.C.1

MR. GLADSTONE

SIR,—I naturally know even less than Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson of the reasons for the regrettable banning of his play *Mr. Gladstone* by the Lord Chamberlain, but one might, I think, justifiably hazard them to be not dissimilar from those not long ago causing that rightly admired historical commentator Mr. G. M. Young to declare that should he find "a diary proving conclusively that Dr. Johnson was addicted to unnatural vice," he would "put it in the fire at once" because he believes "the legend of Dr. Johnson" to be "a valuable national institution : something by which we can adjust ourselves, our temper, and ideas. I should be glad to supplement it by any little discovery which was in keeping. Destroy it, in the interests of that supposed truth, which is really no more than gossiping curiosity, I certainly would not." (*London Mercury*, May, 1937.) In those few lines we have, it seems to me, the whole case for approving the frequent sentimentalisation (indicated by Mr. Williamson in his letter) of such figures as may be regarded as "national institutions"—and in that gallery Queen Victoria stands, of course, pre-eminent—and the case equally for resenting and rejecting any portrayal introducing elements which, however "conclusively proved," are not "in keeping." (Myself, I should have thought such a statement—though one appreciates its frankness—sufficient to destroy any historian's reputation for professional integrity !) The denial of not "supposed" but "conclusively proved" truth in the interests of nationalistic propaganda is common enough in many parts of the world to-day ; it is one of the most dangerous symptoms of our time.

GEOFFREY WEST

I JOINED THE ARMY

SIR,—Your comparison of the treatment accorded to Lieut.-Commander Edwards and his book, *The Mutiny at Invergordon*, with myself and *I Joined the Army*, is very much to the point. It is, however, as well to make it clear that, for my part, I had no political motive whatever when I wrote *I Joined the Army*. That is what the War Office, in discharging me from the Army Reserve, undoubtedly believe (not to mention their subtle method of dissociating themselves from the author !), but the truth is that the full book was written shortly after I left the Army when, in common with most ex-soldiers, my knowledge of politics was negligible. I was certainly not consciously on the Left at that time.

FRANK GRIFFIN

12 Boutflower Road, S.W.11.

Miscellany

MY BROTHER LUIS

(Translated from the Spanish of Manuel Altolaguirre.)

My brother Luis
used to kiss me doubting
on the platforms of the stations.
He always waited for me
or accompanied me to say goodbye
and now
when he left me to go I know not where
I did not arrive in time,
there was no one . . .
Not even the most remote echo
not even a shadow,
nor my reflection on the white clouds.
This sky is too immense.
Where are the sons of my brother ?
Why are they not here ?
I would go with them
amongst real things.
Perhaps they would give me his portrait.
I don't want them to be in a room
with black clothes.
It would be better if they ran by the river,
if they ran among flowers without looking at them,
like flowers also,
like boys,
who never stop,
as I have stopped,
too much at the edge of the sea and of death.

STEPHEN SPENDER

NUMBER IN FAMILY

MAN'S fecundity often appears quite disproportionate to his capacity, on the one hand, for destroying human life, and on the other his paradoxical desire to preserve human beings who would have been better unborn. Civilised countries the world over are debating whether some measure of that autocratic treatment meted out to domestic creatures might not with advantage be applied to the human community, and the question is never likely to be settled within the lifetime of anyone alive to-day.

Wild Nature, on the other hand, has its own approved methods of maintaining a "balance," and although the subject is full of paradoxes and of pitfalls for the hasty theorist, some broad, basic principles emerge from the mass of heterogeneous facts which innumerable investigators have accumulated.

In the first instance, there appears in the mammals to be considerable correlation between the period of gestation and the number of young produced. The time of gestation usually depends upon the size of the animal. Whereas the rat can produce a dozen young in a few weeks, a single elephant remains twenty months or so in the making, and a giraffe well over a year. Both the elephant and the giraffe produce only a single infant at a birth, and though necessarily small, the infants still rank as giants amongst the babies of the world. The production of such creatures must mean a heavy strain

upon the parents, however large, and it would seem that the more cumbrous the machine, the longer must it spend, so to speak, in the workshop.

Moreover, there appears to be some correlation between not only the number of young and the size of the parents, but also between fecundity and the time taken to arrive at puberty. The rat can be a great-grandfather well within a twelvemonth, but the elephant's coming of age is variously placed at between seventeen and twenty-five years. This theory, whilst seeming to hold good when applied to most mammals, is quite upset by the Cetaceans—the whales, porpoises, and dolphins. Recent investigations tend to show that whales, although the largest of all mammals, can reproduce their kind at the surprisingly early age of 2½ years. This is astonishing when it is remembered that the new-born blue whale may measure a quarter of the parental stature. The manlike apes are, with the exception of the gibbons, the largest of all primates. They are "adult" relatively late in life—at about ten years of age, and there is a steadily graduated diminution of the parental age limit as we descend the primate scale. Only under rare circumstances do most primates produce twins. In the large-hooved animals, one at a birth is the rule—the number increasing as size decreases. Thus the red deer produces but one fawn at a time, whereas the Chinese water deer, which is little larger than a mastiff, habitually drops three or even four young at a birth.

It is sometimes stated that a large family is produced whenever the species is peculiarly prone to persecution. But as Darwin pointed out this is placing the cart before the horse. A high mortality is rather the natural outcome of a high birth rate. The fecundity of some mammals is sufficiently impressive. The rat's parental proclivities have long made it notorious and provided much congenial employment for such as delight in statistics. It has been estimated that the progeny of a single pair of brown rats would, provided there was no mortality, in ten years total 48,319,698,843,030,344,720 individuals. Zuschlag, visualising an ideal pair of rats as producing six litters of eight per annum, gives 880 rats as the first annual output, after which he joins other statisticians by thinking in tens of millions. When one takes into account the rat's omnivorousness, its abundance of hiding places, and the thoughtless destruction of its natural enemies, the animal's persistence in a world which has banished many more useful animals, is easily understandable.

Amongst vertebrates other than mammals the size limit of the parent appears to have a less regulating effect upon the number in family. Thus the ostrich hatches out twenty or more eggs, whilst the huge crocodiles and turtles number their young by hundreds. Even the giant pythons, which incubate their eggs, outrun both rat and ostrich in their productivity. Amongst amphibians and fishes, the number of young produced seems to be largely regulated by the amount of care given to the family. The common frog and toad merely deposit their egg masses in the water, and leave some thousands of young to fend for themselves. Certain tropical frogs and toads, however, which rear their young in elaborately constructed nurseries, or even carry them about upon their backs or in their mouths during the incubatory and tadpole stages, are content with only a few score progeny.

This principle is even more noticeable amongst fishes. In species such as sharks, and some small tropical fresh-water fishes which bear their young alive, the family is reduced to scores, or dozens. Nest building fishes, like the stickleback, goby, bow-fin, etc. are similarly burdened with relatively modest families, and even these literally wear out the parents, male or female according to which takes charge—with the responsibilities and arduous activities involved.

On the other hand, fishes of the open sea, which simply broadcast their floating eggs without further thought for their ultimate fate, outrival all other vertebrates in fruitfulness. The difficulty of assuring each egg is fertilised also may account for such lavish families as those produced by the turbot, with 9,000,000 eggs, the cod, with 6,652,000, or the sole, with 570,000. In this regard a world's record is held by the common ling. A specimen scaling just over five feet in length, and weighing 54 lbs. can launch 28,361,000 potential lings upon the watery world.

Molluscs vary greatly in productivity. Our common garden snail lays a hundred gelatinous eggs, but the Roman snail, which produces hard, limy shelled ova, lays only 30 or 40. The giant snails of tropic Africa seldom deposit more than a dozen eggs, each of which is hard-shelled and as big as a pigeon's. At the other side of the scale is the oyster.

The oyster is commonly supposed to "think in millions," but this depends on the age and size of the parent. A one-year old oyster, about 1½in. across, ejects from 69,000–144,000 spat, whilst one of three years old is responsible for over 900,000 progeny. The average for a marketable English oyster is 1,000,000, and a giant specimen from Salcombe even trebled this. However much the gourmet may deplore the present price of oysters, it is well that the mollusc has to contend with so many enemies—fish, whelks, starfish, etc., intent upon its extermination. E. D. Cuming, in his charming Arcadian Calendar, has portrayed what would otherwise be the result in an imaginary meeting between crab and oyster, in which the following lyrical conversation takes place. The oyster speaking:

> In ten years time—if all grew up—I find that there would be
> Oysters enough to fill the earth, the rivers, lakes and sea.
> Oh, would it not be glorious that oyster world to see?"
> "Well no," the thoughtful Crab replied, "there'd be no room for me."

E. G. BOULENGER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Epstein at the Leicester Galleries

If the popular press had not already made the fact sufficiently clear, the visitor to the Leicester Galleries will not long be in any doubt as to the season. The unfamiliar barrier, the busy clicking turnstile and the dumb amaze of regular readers but unaccustomed lookers—all attest, it is Epstein-time again. The crowds gather to see a "Descent from the Cross" in alabaster, one hopes they stay long enough to notice the controlled abandon, the un-English brilliance, of Mr. Epstein's portraits in bronze. Mr. Epstein's men sitters have news value—the Emperor of Abyssinia, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Priestley—but the young ladies are something else again—the most luscious lovelies to be seen. One can be grateful at least for an artist whose handling of sex-appeal is so whole-hearted. "Consummatum Est," this year's set piece, is a huge, arbitrary and unconvincing sarcophagus figure. Like so many of its skilfully shocking predecessors, it is a bit of a bore. For the isolated man of sensibility (and that is the position of the sculptor to-day) the flexible clay is still a possible medium—especially when it is employed in straightforward portraiture. But the expression of general ideas in occasional stones is, in the absence of a carving tradition, almost impossible. Mr. Epstein's eclecticism only accentuates his loneliness. Also at the Leicester Galleries is an exhibition of paintings by Guillaumin, a lesser impressionist who died in 1927. Guillaumin's painting has never the bite, the force, of first-rate impressionist painting, but in his best work he achieves some of the crispness of Gauguin's earliest phase. At his worst he loses all force in a confusion of autumn tints and sunset hues.

Léger at the London Gallery

Pictures by Léger are articles of the faith that art is tidier and better than life. M. Léger's influence has been immense. No poster for Quinquina or Dubonnet appears that does not owe something to his tubular phase or his clean optimistic twentieth-century aesthetic. The undoubted worth of his influence on commercial art makes it harder than ever to evaluate the spirit of the master, when in an easel picture it attains its purest, most concentrated form. Decorative his pictures certainly are, but it is a romantic conception of the machine age that finds every form so clearly cut, every statement so precisely determined. For others there are doubts, evasions, wear and tear, sabotage, disappointment and fear; but M. Léger continues to be as clean and cheerful as a specially recruited department of public health before it discovers the C-3 nation, which is its reason for existence, or an untried hospital before iodoform, misery and death have conferred their atmosphere upon it.

Drawing by Kapp (See Competition, page 699

Lelia Caetani and Frances Hodgkins at the Lefevre

An exhibition of forty paintings by a twenty-four-year-old artist is introduced with some patriarchal advice from the venerable Vuillard, "d'utilizer cette grave épreuve en y prenant conscience d'elle meme." Donna Lelia Caetani, whose pretty show is to be this severe test, may take stock without the shuddering distaste which so many artists (rightly) feel when their pictures, as crystallisations of departed attitudes and enthusiasms, are collected together in public. Her painting shows a minimum of agonising, a maximum of spontaneity. She accepts the circumstances—the ashen country south of Rome or Paris's white wintry look, and recharges with a youthful grace and vitality. If the early picture of the port of Genoa seen over roofs still seems to be among the most attractive of her works, this is no criticism of the astonishing achievement she shows in her enormous picture of St. Mark's with a regatta going on before. The stocktaking shows an artist innocent but not ignorant, confident but not set. Mature works by Miss Frances Hodgkins occupy the other two rooms at Lefevre's. Miss Hodgkins' works are as they have been before, perhaps a little colder and darker in colour. A melon seen darkly, fig, fungus and elder and Catalonian twilight are still her subjects, a gently poetical melancholy unites them all.

"They Won't Forget," at the Regal

The hesitating notes extracted by Mr. Deeds from his rustic trombone were, it seems, the theme of a new movie symphony, whose motto is: "Be good, young man, and let who will be tough." Social criticism is coming to occupy more and more of Hollywood's energies: after Fritz Lang's *Fury* and Mervyn Leroy's *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* comes the latter's *They Won't Forget*, one of the most completely adult pictures yet made. Lynching is again the object of attack, but this time it lurks in the background, a horrible possibility, and when it comes it is quickly over. A young girl is violated and murdered in a business college in a small Southern town. Who the criminal is we never learn to the very end, for there is nothing but circumstantial evidence against any of the suspected men; but one of them, a teacher from the North, is singled out by the mob as a victim of anti-Yankee prejudice—prejudice which is fanned by the District Attorney, who sees in the case an opportunity to secure political prestige. In this he is abetted by a correspondent of the gutter press, whose amoral cynicism is for once, and to our relief, presented as the odious thing it is. The indifference of the entire populace to all considerations of truth and reason is hardly less appalling than the spectacular mob scenes in *Fury*, while in the newer film the individual psychology and dramatic structure are more satisfying, being quite untainted by melodrama. There is a gallery of portraits in this film which linger in our memories: the fanatic "Bible Belt" brothers of the dead girl; her young sweetheart, whose cocky bravado crumples up and turns to cringing at the first hint of trouble (a brilliant study of adolescent psychology by Elisha Cook, Jr.: watch his face when a girl shouts encouragement to him in the witness box); the negro doorkeeper (Clinton Rosemond) who under interrogation cannot think at all but can only croon his innocence in terrified repetition. Claude Rains plays the Attorney with his usual saturnine force, and enough subtlety to redeem the portrait from downright villainy. It is he who flogs the trial scene along its feverish, inevitable course; and when the verdict of "guilty" is commuted by the Governor, it is thanks to him that the prisoner is torn from the train which is conveying him to the State Penitentiary, and lynched. This scene is suggested by the use of a simple symbolism which in its context has the startling effect of a line of poetry. The end makes no concessions to sentimentality: from a high window journalist and D.A. watch the retreating figure of the dead man's wife. "I wonder if he really did it," says one; and the other echoes: "I wonder!" Not even the possibility that he did is excluded; this is an adult film.

"Nitchevo," at the Berkeley

This is a French film which presents a naval triangle of the usual pattern—Commandant, Commandant's wife with a past, Lieutenant—set against a background of submarines and gun-running in the Mediterranean. The story seems to have been planned throughout with an eye on the climax, which shows the two men suffocating in a sunken submarine: a situation of sure-fire human appeal which here enjoys the advantage of Harry Baur's fine acting as the Commandant. The direction, by a gentleman named Al Sam, is safe but unimaginative.

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NELSON

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THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 29th—
- James Laver on "Art and the Time Spirit," Central School of Arts and Crafts, 7.30.
- "Bombs on China" and "They Shall Not Pass," Kensington Town Hall, 8. On behalf of Spanish Medical Aid.

SATURDAY, October 30th—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, 11.
- Charity Performance by Uday Shankar and his company in aid of China, Piccadilly Theatre, 8.45.

SUNDAY, October 31st—
- John Hilton on "My Belief in the Common Man," Conway Hall, 11.
- Griller String Quartet, Conway Hall, 6.30.
- Wm. Paul on "Russian Revolution," Marx House, 7.30.
- Soviet Film "Chapaev" and Songs by Paul Robeson, Cambridge Theatre, 8.15. Tickets from S.C.R., 98 Gower Street.

TUESDAY, November 2nd—
- John Langdon-Davies on "Spain" Morley College, 8.
- Neil Lawson on "Censorship," Small Kingsway Hall, 8.15.
- Eric Walker on "Relations with the Dominions," Manson Hall, 8.15.
- John Betjeman on "A Town Plan for England," Mary Ward Settlement, 8.30.
- Reading by John Masefield from his works, Aubrey House, W.8., 8.30. Tickets 2s. 6d.
- "Yahoo," Westminster.

WEDNESDAY, November 3rd—
- J. B. S. Haldane on "Eugenics and the Class Struggle," Conway Hall, 8.
- "Fidelio," Sadler's Wells, 8.
- "Goodbye to Yesterday," Phœnix.

THURSDAY, November 4th—
- Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- G. D. H. Cole on "The Economic Consequences of War Preparation," Friends Hall, 8.30.
- National Chrysanthemum Society's Show, Horticultural Hall.
- "House of Assignation," Mercury.
- "It's in the Bag," Saville.
- Exhibition of Contemporary Chinese Drawings, Wood Engravings and Cartoons, Constable House, 76 Charlotte Street, to be opened at 5.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WE went to Shetland this summer. One day it was blowing very hard, but we set off in the hope of watching seals, to look at a stretch of Atlantic coast which we had not yet visited. Every step of the six-mile walk was a struggle, the wind bruised our eyelids, forced itself down our throats, deafened us; whipped and lashed us and with a sudden gust forced our lunging steps to waver. It was glorious; we exulted; it was damnable; we lost our tempers; screamed vainly in one another's ears, endured and struggled on. Of course there was not a tree, not a bush, growing anywhere, and the few sheep wandered over the rocky knolls searching for blades of green in the grey carpet of moss. We passed two or three stone cabins with their thatch sewn on and tied down with plaited straw ropes to heavy stones. In the crofts were patches of potatoes, blackened by the salt spray and by disease; the oats lay flat on the ground. In one plot they were harvesting: the man reaping with the short double-handled scythe; the three women gathering the oats into sheaves and gleaning every ear as they went. The wind grew even rougher and the sea-gulls, lying on the ground to rest, let us pass within a few yards of them. The sea had long been visible; close to, it was terrific. Across the mouth of the rocky cove a green wave would roll up looking for a moment as big as the glass roof of Cannon Street station before it exploded on the rocks and swamped them. The martyrdom we had endured in getting there was rewarded: in the cove itself there were half a dozen seals playing, and catching, I suppose, the sea-trout that were waiting for an extra high tide to get into the burn. They were like a party of one's hardiest friends enjoying a bathe; like humans they stayed in the same place and kept turning their heads to look about them. We sat down behind the ruins of a Pictish *broch* to eat our lunch and a young man in sea-boots went past with what looked like a child's toy gun in his hands — a cheap .22 rifle. Then, as we munched, we watched him lying behind a rock shooting at the seals. Every now and then a seal would lift its head out of the water to breathe and look about, and ping!—the Shetlander shot a crumb of lead at it. What was particularly horrible was that the seals appeared as helpless as a party of bathers, except that they could stay longer under water. They made no effort to go away at once. It occurred to me that though the man's only chance of killing a seal was to hit it in the brain or in the heart, the chance of hitting the seal somewhere was high. If he was aiming at the eye, the body would occupy about one-fifth of an imaginary target, so that one in five of his misses would be a hit. As I ate, I visualised the sort of wounds which would result from crumbs of lead passing through the cartilages of the nose, perforating the lungs, flattening on the bone of a flipper. The shooting went on for a considerable time and it became clear that the man was no Peter Fleming. Very often, after the crack of the little rifle, the nearest seal would just turn his head and peer with a bewildered air at the rocks before sinking out of sight; the hits were followed by a wild flurry of water as the beast dived. After half an hour or so, all the seals except one went farther out into the rough water, but one was badly wounded and could not follow. Every little while he lifted his head and each time one saw that he had been washed a little nearer to the shore. Seeing that he could not escape, the man went back to work on his croft, intending, no doubt, to retrieve the seal's body at low tide. Perhaps he had used up his cartridges (*2s. 6d.* a hundred), but probably he knew that the dying animal would fend itself off the rocks and that its skin would be less damaged than that of a dead animal washed about by the breakers. Soon we also turned our backs on the wounded beast and fought our way up to the mouth of the cove and round the cliffs smothered in clouds of spray, and in watching the ageless fury of nature, managed to stop thinking about what we had just seen. Most people share my tenderness for seals, and there is a touch of envy in our love for them. There are, however, a lot of them on the Shetland coast, and, since they eat fish incessantly, they are the fishermen's rivals and it is natural Shetlanders should want to kill them. Besides, if the seal is not too much scarred by fighting, the skin is worth money and the crofters are very poor. The man was doing an obviously sensible thing in getting a seal. I hated watching and didn't like the way it was done—but couldn't think of a better. If he used a rifle with a larger calibre, the cartridges would cost more, and though he would be far more likely to kill the seals he wounds at present, he would be able to wound a lot that are out of range of the .22. That is the nasty thing about shooting: all the wounded beasts and birds that go off badly injured to die slowly. The other nasty thing about it is that a man with a gun is always shooting creatures which are rare and beautiful and are often not even good to eat. Hunting, which many people hate, doesn't seem to me to have these objections, and I love fishing, and its cruelty doesn't bother me. I am not in a position to lecture other people.

* * *

I took *The Sportsman's Bedside Book*, by B. B. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, *7s. 6d.*), up to bed with me, and found that I liked the author, just as no doubt I should have liked the Shetland sealer. When B. B. is describing going out into the woods at night, I feel the warmest friendship for him. I like him on a horse, when he's fishing and most of all when he's consoling himself with the reflection that "there will be trees and wild creatures long after we as a race have vanished from the earth." But give him his gun and he does his best to wipe the wild creatures out first. He shoots curlews, a bird which is the very incarnation of the most beautiful wild places and is not itself nice to eat. He shoots twenty-one knots (the size of blackbirds) with one shot. Speaking of the latter:

> blackbirds dart out panic-stricken, to dive again into cover after a few yards. This habit of blackbirds is known to swift-footed village lads. One goes one side of the hedge and the other keeps opposite to him, and they run as fast as they can, shouting and throwing stones. After a while the blackbird slinks down into the hedge-bottom, gasping, and is then finished off with a well-aimed shot from a catapult. . . . I do not think there is so much cruelty nowadays as formerly; village boys realise such practices are unspeakably cruel. . . .

If it is wild geese, it's quite a different matter:

> I had one shot with the 8-bore and actually hit the leader pretty hard, but he went on. As a matter of fact I had no right to fire as they were far out of range . . . at that instant I fired, bringing him down again on his side. There was a roar of wings and the whole company rose into the air, and to my utter dismay my goose did likewise, after a struggle on the ground; and not having a double-barrelled gun I could not reload in time.

It's the same story with teal:

> I fired, hitting him very hard and causing him to fall about a quarter of a mile away. We walked across to find him, but when we were thirty yards from the place he landed, he suddenly rose again and flew strongly off, to fall in a large field some distance away. Here we hunted for a long while but could find no trace whatever. . . .

Of course it is inevitable that such things should happen when one goes shooting, and I should not reproach B. B. if he hadn't written about the "unspeakable cruelty" of village boys chasing blackbirds. For him to do that is a proof of the sort of absence of brains which I sometimes feel is responsible for most of the evil in the world. At all events, it is the kind of stupidity which seems most exasperating. I feel about it as Thersites felt about Menelaus. It was a great relief to turn to *The Mystery of Scent*, by H. B. C. Pollard (Eyre and Spottiswoode, *10s. 6d.*), a book by a hunting man who is full of brains. He carries the subject a good deal farther than Mr. H. M. Budgett, M.F.H., in his fascinating *Hunting by Scent*, of which a cheap edition is now available. Major Pollard has called in the aid of the colloidal chemist and the physicist rather than that of the hound, and he is convinced that fox scent, at any rate, is one of the substances which forms a molecular film on water. The tiny drops from the fox's pads spread with extraordinary rapidity wherever there is moisture,

and where evaporation is taking place the scent rises in a cloud. The process depends on the temperature of the ground and the humidity of the air. Acting on this theory, Major Pollard has constructed a scentometer which has proved to work well in practice. But the book is not only as the author claims, "a practical contribution for hunting people," but an extremely clear treatise which no biologist or biochemist should overlook. He is mistaken about Mr. Bramah's great invention and his ideas on the influence of a diet of worms are mediaeval. But it is a really good book. DAVID GARNETT

HALDANE

Haldane, 1856-1915. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Haldane did more than any other individual to give this country the army it required to meet the outbreak of a European war. And when that war came, he was first driven from office and then insulted if he dared to appear in public. This is, of course, the sort of thing which, when a country engages in war, inevitably occurs. And when we feel astonished that a Hitler can dominate Germany, we ought to remember that not so long ago our own Government could be terrorised by a Northcliffe and a Bottomley.

Sir Frederick Maurice's biography covers Haldane's life up to the time of his expulsion from office, and a second volume will deal with his later career as a supporter of Labour. The book carries us, in greater detail, through the story already familiar to us from Lord Haldane's autobiography—the background of Lowland squires with a tradition of public service, the severely religious home with a remarkable woman at its head, the house in a beautiful glen at the gate of the Highlands, the studies at Göttingen under Lötze, the dazzling success at the Bar, the friendship with Mr. Asquith, the entry into Parliament in 1885, the development of Liberal Imperialism, the War Office in 1906, the formation of the Expeditionary Force, the Territorial Army and the Committee of Imperial Defence, the Berlin negotiations of 1912, the Woolsack, the War and the infinitely unmerited disgrace.

The most interesting new documents which the book contains are the letters which passed between Haldane and Lord Knollys in September, 1905. (These are mentioned in the Autobiography, but now published for the first time.) It will be remembered that by the "Relugas Compact" Haldane, Grey and Asquith agreed not to accept office under Campbell-Bannerman after the expected Liberal victory, unless he gave to each the post he wanted and went himself to the Lords. As the next step Haldane was deputed to inform the King of this decision, and, if possible, to secure his support: this he did—before informing Campbell-Bannerman—in a letter to Lord Knollys.

> What we would try to bring about is that, if the situation arises and Sir H.C.B. is sent for, he should propose to the King the leadership of the House of Commons with the Exchequer for Asquith, either the Foreign or the Colonial Office for Grey, and the Woolsack for myself. As to this last I am merely recording for you the wish of the others. I will gladly stand aside.

Unfortunately this letter is printed without a date, but Lord Knollys presumably had time to consult the King by letter or telegram before sending his interesting reply.

> Of course what the King would desire would be the presence of a restraining influence in the Cabinet, being aware that many members of it would be men holding extreme views, and this would only be effected by the presence in it of men like yourself, Asquith and Sir E. Grey.

But, Lord Knollys continued, if they insisted on presenting their leader with an ultimatum, "the King would be obliged either (1) to accept Sir H.C.B.'s Government with the loss (I may without flattery say) of the most able and moderate men of the Liberal Party, or (2) he would have to seek for a Prime Minister elsewhere, and where is he to be found?" Lord Knollys's solution of the dilemma is that the compact should be given up, in the hope that Campbell-Bannerman's age would force him after one session into the Lords, in which case he would "save his face," and the trio would attain their object. "I should imagine," Lord Knollys added, "that if he showed himself unwilling, when forming a Government, to become a Peer, the King might well ask him to give a pledge that he would go into the House of Lords within a certain time, say a year."

On what grounds the King "might well" demand such a pledge is not evident, and it seems unlikely that he did so. But he did suggest that C.B. should take a Peerage, and the Relugas trio did present their ultimatum. The Prime Minister firmly and indignantly refused to surrender, Mr. Asquith got the Exchequer, Sir Edward Grey got the Foreign Office, but Mr. Haldane did not get the Woolsack. He behaved magnanimously, accepted the War Office, and made a grand job of it. But unfortunately it was not the last time that he was to be sacrificed to necessity.

At once after the outbreak of war the press attacks on Haldane as a "pro-German" began. He spoke German fluently, he had German friends, he was an authority on German philosophy, someone (not himself) had said that Germany was his spiritual home, and he had been used by the Foreign Office for negotiating with Berlin in 1912. The Prime Minister took too little notice of these attacks. (The contempt with which Mr. Asquith habitually treated the press may have been deserved, but it was certainly unrealistic.) The attacks grew more and more virulent, and when the Coalition was formed, Haldane's head was the first demand of the Conservatives. Nothing that Mr. Asquith could say about Haldane's services carried any weight—he was, indeed, subject himself to equally grotesque suspicions. Only one man was in a position to defend Haldane effectively. Balfour had served with him on the C.I.D., and knew not only that Haldane's loyalty was irreproachable, but that he had been a magnificent Secretary for War and that his great powers as an organiser must make him an invaluable member of a War Cabinet. Therefore, when the official Life of Balfour appeared, I expected to find that he had in fact attempted to keep Haldane. No such evidence appeared—the biographer did not seem to think that the matter even required mention. Carson and Northcliffe, Bonar Law and Beaverbrook and Bottomley may have believed their own accusations. But Balfour knew better than any man how untrue these were. Moreover, he was by birth a gentleman. What, one may ask, is the justification of aristocratic privileges such as Balfour enjoyed, if they do not enable a man in such a crisis to serve his country by proclaiming an unpopular truth?

It is a pity that Sir Frederick Maurice has passed so quickly over this part of the story. A few quotations from the *Times* would have been a useful reminder of the vulgar hysteria to which war can reduce a normally sober governing class. However, the book ends with a pleasing incident: Haig, after riding with the King through London at the head of his victorious troops, came straight to Haldane's house, and left a volume of his despatches, containing the following dedication: "To Viscount Haldane of Cloan—the greatest Secretary for War England has ever had."

Sir Frederick Maurice does full justice to Haldane's character, abilities and achievements. His reforms at the War Office were so successful that one must regret that he was never allowed to apply his genius for reorganisation to the Admiralty. He was more interested in education than in any other practical activity, and the Universities of London and Ireland owe him a great debt. Are we to attribute the misfortunes of a man who had shown such extraordinary ability merely to the fact that he was a student of German? Mr. Spender—and there can be no better authority—puts the blame upon a streak of furtiveness in Haldane's character, an almost childish love for enveloping simple matters in mystery. Then there was his rigidly intellectual cast of mind. Lloyd George he considered to be "really an illiterate with an unbalanced mind," while "Grey was splendidly conscientious and just, but he seemed to doubt whether the Germans were genuinely good people, and they of course knew that he doubted it." No doubt some of his colleagues were aware that he was making such judgments upon them, and could not forgive him the superiority of his intellect. Finally this superlatively able and large-minded man was deficient in two qualities which are deadly unless allied to reason, but without which a statesman rarely attains greatness—he was deficient in passion and imagination. He had a sense of humour, he liked the good things of life, music as well as food and wine, he was extraordinarily devoted to his family, he seems once even to have been in love, and yet he appears somehow inhuman. He commands respect, but does not excite enthusiasm. Neither Balfour nor Haldane had that lack of practical ability which is the fault most usually attributed to the intellectual in politics. Haldane was entirely free from Balfour's sterilising cynicism; but he lacked Balfour's intuition and suppleness, and was even more remote from the violent emotions, both noble and ignoble, which kindle ordinary men. A detailed comparison of their two characters and careers would make clear the different advantages and dangers experienced by the intellectual who becomes a politician. RAYMOND MORTIMER

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KINDNESS TO WOMEN

Pity for Women. By HENRI DE MONTHERLANT. Translated by THOMAS MCGREEVY and JOHN RODKER. *Routledge*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Here is a translation of the first two novels—*Les Jeunes Filles* and *Pitié pour les Femmes*—in what is to be, in all, a sequence of four. *Le Démon du Bien* is still to be translated, *Au Bord de l'Abîme* still to come. In France, where the intelligent novel goes far, these books about women (women in love) have been widely enough read to rouse excitement and anger. Montherlant has been, I understand, accused of indecency on a rather subtle plane. He gets nearer the nerve of a matter—in fact, "our women"—than people, even in France, like. Now that translation is to widen his English public, what, I wonder, will be the reactions to him here? Very mixed: in some quarters, possibly, hostile. He is likely to displease women, to unnerve men. He has a ruthless touch on a good many illusions. But his drive, his clarity, his magnetic style are unlikely to be forgotten. Above all, he arouses intellectual amazement. Messrs. Routledge are to be thanked for making Montherlant more accessible. Another foreign power touches the English shore.

The central character in *Pity for Women* is Pierre Costa, or Costals, a novelist. (In the earlier French editions he was Costa, then trouble arose with an actual M. Pierre Costa, so he became Costals in succeeding editions: some confusion results.) He is, by popular reckoning, a selfish man. His novels draw in on him an immense volume of correspondence from women—youngish, susceptible, "superior," lonely in the provinces. The bulk of his fan-mail is to be inferred: two only, and no doubt the two most untiring, of his correspondents emerge in *Les Jeunes Filles*—Thérèse, the little country girl, the mystic, and Andrée (a much more difficult proposition) of Saint-Léonard, Loiret. Unhappily, Costals detests cerebral women, and *exaltées* are not his type at all. His young mistresses are natural, naive and gay—or, at least, placid. So is, or so appears to be, Solange, who halfway through *Les Jeunes Filles* rivets his desire. Solange's parents, with whom she lives, play a small part in the story. Otherwise the two novels comprising *Pity for Women* are built round four characters only—Costals, Thérèse, Andrée and Solange.

Les Jeunes Filles is a miracle of construction. Letters from and to women, an extract from a matrimonial gazette, leaves from notebooks, a cutting from one of Costals' articles are assembled to make the novel—apparently at random. Straight narrative only starts towards the end. *Pitié pour les Femmes* has, also, letters and extracts, but narrative predominates here.

This method—random assemblage—is for Montherlant's purpose brilliantly chosen. No fact appears without its effect of almost painful relevance. Statements are to be taken at their personal value. Emotion is progressive, cumulative, not checked or deflected by outside scenes. So much speed has each character gathered in its solitary course that each of the few encounters become collisions. Crisis is self-explanatory. Each of the three women exist only, and exist intensively, in one orbit: Costals'. All three, even the positive Andrée, are shown as behaving under compulsion: to an extent, their behaviour is involuntary. Solange keeps, for these two volumes—she is to lose it later—her mystery for Costals: the mystery of an animal. Thérèse (who remains "off") exposes in her letters, step by step, her journey towards insanity. Andrée gathers a force as that dreadful and honest figure: the woman out to supply a felt want. The siege she lays to Costals surrounds his enjoyment of Solange. Her letters are heroic and fatuous: she is convinced he loves her, that they are held apart by his dread of the strength of his own feeling for her. She wields her intelligence in a fury of self-deception. She says: "I understand you"—that final mistake, that final impertinence. Her mistrust of platonics becomes stronger: she offers herself to him repeatedly. She neglects to wash her arms, and gets stuck (when he takes her out in Paris) in a revolving door. She refuses to recognise what she is up against: the artist's dread of intrusive companionship. Only the second-rate artist is looking round for a soul mate. Costals, the absolute writer, is invulnerable. She has what he has classified as Reflex 227 B:

> That well-known, established reflex, according to which a woman, because she is unhappy, tries to convince the man she loves that he is unhappy himself. Not only because she wants to comfort and "mother" him, but because it exasperates her to see the man happy, and happy without deriving his happiness from her.

It is well within Costals' power to get rid of Andrée. She persecutes him; she fatigues him; she repels him physically. Yet, up to the final cruel scene in the studio, he lets the affair drag out its grotesque length. Why? Out of sympathy for her, out of a smothered *liking*, most of all, out of pity. He is one of those people, called cruel most often, who cannot be wholly, and so effectively, cruel: they are more than half located in the objects of their unkindness; they hesitate to deliver the *coup de grace*. This complexity of the nature, this dread of cutting across a situation already exacerbatingly painful, is to appear more strongly in *Le Démon du Bien*. Here Costals not only cannot rid himself of Solange when he learns she intends to marry him (which he dreads) but cannot rid himself of the idea of marrying her. Hence his revengeful cruelty; hence the tears at Genoa. His peace with Solange ends in long, fruitless, claustrophobic quarrels. Women—at least the women in Costals' experience—remain ignorant of the one source of their power:

> Women always refuse to consider how much falsehood, calculation, weariness and charity may enter into the love men testify towards them.

Cut away, therefore, from love its first and saving element of desire, and what but pity—exacting and potentially cruel—remains? Suppress the angry manifestations and you get ingrowing pity, generic, sublime and morbid. "The heart infects everything." Only with his son, Brunet, and with the earlier Solange does Costals feel either honest or pure. At the same time, something is lacking: some exaction which is the core of love. In theory, Costals is unassailable, with his work, his cheerful son, his string of young mistresses. But he is a man doomed to pity, doomed to attract its objects. To an extent, his calling accounts for this:

> "It does one good to be with you again" (he says, returning to Solange after the break with Andrée). "To be with a woman who lives among the realities. It's a fact: you are one of the few women I've ever known with any sanity. Literary men attract crazy women exactly as bits of meat attract the flies. We get the benefit of all their repressions, their feelings of not being wanted: what don't they expect from us in their dreams? . . ."
>
> "But then, why do you reply to them?"
>
> "What would you have? When I see flies on a bit of meat I say to myself, 'Everyone has the right to eat.'"

Not prettily put, but unwilling charity prompts it. . . . It may be argued that Costals as the realised artist, a man with nothing to gain from the affections, is a special figure, not possible to generalise, that his conclusions are special, not material generally. But he exists, enlarged and, in spite of everything, generalised, in an element that is Montherlant's own mind. The books, therefore, have implications that go beyond him. *Pity for Women* is a pitiless examination of the whole nature of pity—its range, its variations, its powers and its abuses. The examination is conducted in the light of a ruthless, disabused and exceedingly stern morality: a morality no sentiment can deflect.

The character of a vigorous and magnetic style is well kept in Mr. Rodker's translation of the second volume: *Pitié pour les Femmes*. Mr. McGreevy's rendering of *Les Jeunes Filles* is less happy.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

UNWANTED BRAINS

Unemployment in the Learned Professions. By WALTER M. KOTSCHNIG. *Oxford University Press*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this careful and illuminating book. It deals with a subject that has been the nightmare of every university teacher in some degree ever since the war, and in a special degree ever since the depression of 1929. What Mr. Kotschnig has done, with care and patience and complete objectivity, is to survey the whole field, the Soviet Union apart, to report upon the intensity of this kind of unemployment that exists, the remedies that have been adopted in different countries, and the elements, as he sees them, upon which a solution of the problem is possible. It is greatly to be hoped that his study will be widely read, since no small part of the future of our civilisation is bound up with the ability to deal with it. We have, all over the world, an immense increase in the student population; we have, simultaneously, a decreasing ability to utilise the trained minds produced by the universities. The danger inherent in this disparity needs no emphasis. It is, on any showing, an evil thing to grow a large population, highly trained, which has no outlet for its talents.

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C.C.C. camps as in the United States, the work of voluntary bodies like the Architects' Unemployment Committee in Great Britain, these, to take examples only, have done no more than scratch the surface of the facts. Dr. Kotschnig, indeed, is able to emphasise an heroic effort at temporary relief in the United States, but, at bottom, all of them deal with symptoms and not with causes. And in many of the relief measures, there is a hard core of economic nationalism, the limitation, for example, of the title to practise, which, especially in the case of refugees from the dictatorial countries, has caused untold human suffering. There is something wrong with a world in which doctors and engineers and chemists have to dig ditches and gather harvests in one area where another is crying out for the services they could provide.

Dr. Kotschnig's picture of the dimensions of the problem will appal anyone who seeks to discover its full implications. He is careful not to be optimistic about the outcome. Better vocational guidance can do a little. A closer relation between the institutions of higher learning and the organised placing of intellectual workers may do something more. There is some hope, too, in re-training where, as in France, the acquisition of an additional technique enables a specialist in an overcrowded vocation to find work in a new but related sphere. But, once more, none of these methods takes us far. A departmental committee may, as in England, recommend the employment of university graduates by local authorities; I am not, I think, mistaken in saying that, technical posts apart, not more than half a dozen such bodies have acted upon the recommendation. In many spheres where, as in the public libraries, the university graduate might be thought welcome, there is positive hostility to his admission. And it is well known that, upon any considerable scale, business enterprise is still hostile to those who have had a university training.

Dr. Kotschnig's real solution lies in the direction of what he calls "occupational planning." He believes that the cure for this kind of unemployment lies not in less education but in more. He believes that *laisser-faire* in this realm has broken down and that the remedy lies in a higher standard of civilisation which will require a higher level of the services which the intellectual worker is in a position to render. The better the level of education, he argues, the greater will be the demand for doctors and architects, engineers and teachers; more, the better that level, the more insistent will be the emphasis upon quality. It is impossible here to discuss in detail the close, if somewhat intricate argument he makes. In summary, it is an appeal for a society with better distribution of wealth than our own and with the power to realise those potentialities of production which, latent in the present scheme of things, are inhibited in their development by the dead hand of vested interests.

Obviously, views such as these take us to the root of ultimate matters of social constitution. Dr. Kotschnig is entitled to say that the issue he discusses cannot be adequately analysed without raising these problems. The plain fact is that within the existing relations of production the problem of the unemployed intellectual is in truth insoluble. We have unemployed architects even while we need great numbers of new houses. We have unemployed doctors even while the medical services open to most people are patently inadequate. We have unemployed teachers even while there are far too many children per teacher in the school and far too high a proportion of students to professors in universities. Research in almost every sphere is starved even while it is known that expenditure upon research would, properly organised, give us knowledge of incalculable value. What is involved in the situation we confront is nothing less than the ultimate purpose and motives of our civilisation. If we desire to retain the present pattern, experience suggests that, sooner or later, the way out is the German way: depreciate intelligence save where it is the servant of political power and use what is retained only for the ends of those who rule. It is a solution which destroys freedom of the mind and leaves the citizen, as Karl Mannheim has shown, the half-helpless prey of those irrational impulses by which Hitler and his like are able to live.

The alternative is the conscious reorganisation of our society. That effort involves problems far beyond those Dr. Kotschnig has set himself to discuss. Here it must suffice to say that no volume of recent times more strongly reinforces the case for recognising the importance of the crisis of our culture than this. As surely as in the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries we are at the parting of the ways. The analysis Dr. Kotschnig has so admirably made is a warning that without will and energy and conscious purpose we may easily move into a new Dark Age.

HAROLD J. LASKI

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MACMILLAN

HIGLIF AND ART

Portraits of a Lifetime. By JACQUES-EMILE BLANCHE. *Dent.* 18*s.*

The first volume of M. Blanche's reminiscences (it takes us down to 1914, and there is another to come) sadly disappoints. From the 'eighties to the present day he has known and painted everyone of literary and artistic consequence in two countries; ever since his boyhood, when he sheltered in the great houses of England from the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, he has been as much at home in London as in Paris. The jacket invitingly announces "a few" of the great men whom we are to meet inside: Hardy, James, Moore, Edward VII, Diaghileff, Proust, Sickert; a brilliant company indeed. But at the end it is difficult to be certain that we have really met them all. Rodin was certainly there in his butter-coloured gloves; so was Renoir; so was Maeterlinck. The rest dart about in a confused kaleidoscope of Edwardian *higlif*; just when we are beginning to recognise them, they are off to stay with someone else. As the great names flit by, we seem at one moment to be glancing through a hostess's engagement book, at another to be listening to those depressing telegrams in which celebrities regret their inability to be present at public dinners.

Like many painters, M. Blanche can write fresh and attractive prose; he is indeed a practised and fairly voluminous author. His *Mes Modèles* (1928) contains half a dozen sketches of his great contemporaries (Barrès, Hardy, Proust, James, Gide, Moore) which are still delightful to read. This was, I believe, never translated into English; whereas the present volume appears to have been designed expressly for the English market. The translation is unfortunate; anyone who likes sentences to be properly constructed will find it very heavy going, and at times far from clear. But the author himself cannot be entirely acquitted; his book is shapeless, having neither straightforward chronological sequence nor an aesthetic coherence of its own. And it needs vigorous blue pencilling; there are flat episodes and pointless stories which M. Blanche, evidently a man of great social gifts, would never

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dream of inflicting on a lunch party. Then why on the reader? "My Manchester cousins had been on their way to India, where Mr. Gibbs was to take up a post in the Civil Service." This is the first we hear of Mr. Gibbs, and the last too, the only point about him being that he was drowned on the way out. Very sad, of course, very sad; but M. Blanche himself does not seem to feel the loss keenly after all these years, and merely reflects: "India—how I longed in vain to undertake a voyage to distant lands, I who was destined never to leave the confines of Europe." The most delightful thing in the book is the remark of Lady Noble as, on the morning of her hundredth birthday, she rejected an unbecoming cap: "Of course, if I wear *that* I shall look a hundred and *ten*!"

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

OLD MASTERS

French Painting in the Nineteenth Century. By JAMES LAVER. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

Though this is a bulky book, it is not a long one. Nor is it, as one might guess from the dust jacket, another mass-produced guide to the fashionable paths of nineteenth century French painting. Mr. Laver's essay is the first attempt to relate this phase of art to the history of ideas and aspirations. Though it is short, Mr. Laver has contrived to say so many sound things, and to indicate so many avenues for exploration, that any attempt to elaborate on this theme seems bound to follow his lead.

It is a commonplace that everything is affected by everything else. The artist is not less dependent on his environment than other men—though if he is important he may add to it. So David accepted the idea of Republican virtue and in return gave an iconography in terms of ideal Rome. So Delacroix passionately reading *The Corsair* was able to produce *The Massacre of Scio* or the *Death of Sardanapolus*, while Delaroche, his miserably incompetent plagiarist, could only provide a succession of death-bed scenes, culminating in the *Little Princes* of the Wallace collection. The ability to reflect conscious and unconscious trends of his age is an important part of the artist's social function. Corot and Rousseau stand for a sentimental attitude to nature, Millet for the ennobled peasant. Courbet represents the new Humanitarianism of the 'forties and 'fifties. Courbet was called, and accepted with reservations, the title of "Realist." "The production of a work of art must always imply selection and arrangement" as Mr. Laver says. Courbet, in spite of his Socialist principles, "had a virile delight in the world as he found it." Any view of Courbet which excludes that world, does itself an injustice, in the same way that anyone who looks at a Courbet painting without realising the superb bounderism, the strapping joviality and the colossal confidence of the man, loses half the fun. Impressionism follows Courbet, and inevitably the two great abstract painters, Cézanne and Degas, the most awkward of all to fit into an historical frame. Mr. Laver suggests that Degas, the cold, austere Degas, was simply the mirror of the cosy jollifications in cafes, the public entertainments of his time. And to Cézanne, the poetical man, more conscious than any painter, except perhaps Rembrandt, of the infinite complexity of nature, he ascribes the petty absolutism of late nineteenth-century science. Surely the position is a little more subtle than this. Cézanne and Degas are in their way the perfect artists, perpetual students who are able to search and research the same small area, born before their time into the Utopia of the small private income—for one a studio and a model, for the other a mountain and a country house. It is this preview of Utopia that has so disturbed artists these last thirty years, that has produced the extraordinary outburst of painters who, perceiving the exquisite results of independence, demand a liberty they know not how to use. "The modern painter—that is any painter who works in an age when the buyer has replaced the patron—finds he is working more and more in a vacuum." Mr. Laver might have added that for most modern artists the vacuum has become so important as to exclude the buyer.

In addition to Mr. Laver's survey this book includes short biographies of the painters mentioned and interesting notes on the pictures reproduced by Michael Sevier. The 141 illustrations (11 in colour) will be familiar to those who saw the French exhibition at the New Burlington Gallery last year and the Chefs d'oeuvre exhibition in Paris, otherwise they are a fresh and surprising selection. The late M. Alfred Flechtheim, to whom this book is dedicated, has contributed a "postcript" which, if it does appear to be a little complacent about the triumph of French painting, contains some priceless contemporary criticisms of Degas and Pissarro.

GRAHAM BELL

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HAMISH HAMILTON

COCTEAU

Round the World Again in 80 Days. By JEAN COCTEAU. Translated by STUART GILBERT. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Silent Traveller: A Chinese Artist in Lakeland. By CHIANG YEE. Preface by HERBERT READ. *Country Life.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

After weeks in which I could find no books to read, three arrive on the same day! One—Mr. Wyndham Lewis's *Blasting and Bombardiering*—I postpone till next week, though the temptation to play off Lewis against Cocteau, I confess, was strong. Dog versus cat!—a way to make one's review write itself. But in fact the two would never encounter. Such opposites in life never do. I amused myself by drawing up a list of the many things, from music to Charlie Chaplin, which Lewis hates most; all of them would be found in *Round the World Again in* 80 *Days*.

Though not a dog-lover, not an exclusive Anglo-Saxon, I go a little of the way with Lewis. What is it about Cocteau disquiets me? His femininity, his cosmopolitanism, his cult of the artificial, his position as a leader of fashion? "To have, not a style, but style"—that old epigram, linking him with Stravinsky and Picasso, I distrust. Give me the artist who takes root—Sibelius, say; then his restlessness, his fear of repeating himself, his obstinacy even, attract me. Cocteau, I am convinced, could do anything, with taste, with originality, and (this is the disconcerting thing) with genius. His work as a whole seems to me too full of hairpin bends; yet, confronted by any one piece of it—*Les Enfants Terribles*, the Surrealist film, the anatomical drawings of *Opium*, the rarefied music-hall, a gramophone record of a circus poem spoken by the author and interrupted by familiar "sad music"—I stand fascinated. No one has ever juggled in literature as he does. He has a genius for the topical: see Jocasta strangled by Isadora Duncan's scarf. No one has ever written more transparently. And yet I distrust him. Magic, granted. But

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Frank : Do you mean that when the Churches were much more powerful there was less kindness and humanity manifest ?

Harold : That is exactly what I do mean. Pity and affection are much older and more fundamental than the doctrines of Christianity. You may know the history of England, but, my dear Frank, you evidently don't know the history of the growth of ethics and morals.

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in discovering "poetry" everywhere—poetic novels, poetic cinema, theatre, etc.—has he discovered everything? He excludes one thing, himself. I miss the tough and individual; the sensation one has, with greater artists, of a man planking his bottom on a seat. Idiotic to expect all artists and writers to be bottom-plankers? Some, like Cocteau, have the right to say, "Goethe is a maniac pretending to be Goethe"? Quite; I am not dismissing him as a light paradoxist. I could review any book of Cocteau's, though I could not define Cocteau.

Round the World Again in 80 *Days*, then, is inspired journalism—this time, in the poetic phase, it is Cocteau journalist. Recovering from a trance of some years (opium?), Cocteau determined to follow in the traces of Jules Verne; the project had that touch of the old-fashioned and of childhood, together with the ultra-modern, which so appeals to him. It was arranged that he should travel by the old route—train and steamer—and supply a Paris evening paper with bulletins. It turned out to be more of a race than he expected, and he only just did it in the time. One companion, Passepartout to his Fogg, attended him. Most of the book describes in brief paragraphs his sensations through five continents. There is some similarity in his approach to a new centre, Rome, Cairo or Hong Kong; moonlight, brothels, theatres, flowers, antique stones, reappear; and yet how vividly, how exquisitely one place is distinguished from another. If I never go to Rome I will remember Cocteau's spectral visit:

> Rome by night is a city of silence and the dead. The only cry, always the same with trivial variations, that its façades and walls permit themselves is—the *Duce*. Full-face or in profile, in helmet or in plumed cap, everywhere he beams or frowns upon the Romans . . .
>
> But some things escape even a dictator. Through the fountains whose murmurs Nietzsche overheard and transmuted into words by night, the old city of love voices her lament. The sound of many waters brought back to me the Rome of Carnival and Opera! Familiar sights! The Forum, topsy-turvy like a mansion after burglars have ransacked it; the Colosseum with its vaults and haunted corridors, a vast punch-bowl of blood and moonlight, battered, fretted with arcades and stars; the piebald angels on the Saint Angelo bridge; the Pope and his stone tentacles; the Piazza di Spagna and Keats' house perched between flights of steps like a mill straddling the cascade.

In Cairo a different death:

> Over the streets the air is thick with falcons, crows and vultures, alighting now and again upon the cornices. Death broods over the city and its river, whose waters, the hue of some pernicious absinthe, are doubtless to the liking of crocodiles. Flies, beetles, crocodiles, scorpions, asps and cobras—these creatures symbolise the predilections of the race of mummy-makers and embalmers which deified them.

If these quotations have at all the effect of "set pieces" it is because they are isolated from their context and because inevitably, in translation, something of the transparency of Cocteau's prose has been lost. There are, indeed, superb descriptions of the Acropolis, of Hong Kong and of a battle between cobra and mongoose in Bombay written—for Cocteau—in almost clanging prose. But characteristically, after a tribute to Kipling (one of the few authors whose name recurs in the book), there is this image of the cobra emerging to music—"the wicker pot began to simmer, the lid heaved up and the contents boiled over; a foul yellow mass, like custard, dribbled down the side. . . ." An art such as Cocteau's curiously destroys our sense of size and perspective; continually, in images, the great and the minute are being weighed together, the remote past is made vivid by a topical aside. Eighty days round the world—much of it must have passed on a sea as stolid as a hippopotamus. But that is not what Cocteau gives us; rather, we have the vision, as in his opium dreams, of wheeling stars, cities, and centuries. How oddly here and there a corner remains suspended; the garden café in Cairo, derelict as an operatic scene, the streets of Bombay, flimsily ledged and boxed, like toppling rows of bird cages. Hong Kong, a sprawling, coiling dragon on its hills, and the little matchbox theatres in which Chinese children peep at a frieze of capering monsters, seem equally enlarged, or belittled, to the eye.

"I would hate to be sophisticated," says Cocteau on one page. Oh, but though he has childhood at his finger tips, he is sophisticated; one sees it when Charlie Chaplin—by a stroke of genius—is brought on board half-way through the voyage. "Chaplin was shaking his white curls, taking off his glasses and putting them on again, and between bursts of laughter, turning to the girl beside him. 'Isn't it marvellous! Simply marvellous!'" Chaplin with notions of playing Napoleon, and doing a Crucifixion film. They agreed on the supremacy of *The Gold Rush*, the toe dance of the rolls. Cocteau's simplicities—*Les Mariés du Tour Eiffel*—are of quite another order; chosen simplicities. Does his sensibility, his balancing of opposite qualities by taste, ever let him down? Only once perhaps in this book; when, after a vivid sensuous appreciation of the sunlit Acropolis, which melts into rosy flesh, he kisses the stone. That, I feel, was sophisticated, badly so; but nowhere else, among the endless variations of sensibility, does he lose balance.

For the sake of those who have never read a book by Cocteau (and there are still many in England), how am I to indicate the one quality which has persisted through all his phases? It is not, I have suggested, the personality of the writer, which enriches, say, the writings of a De Quincey; it is not a style like Villiers de L'Isle-Adam's. It is magic, the illusion by which, whatever he is writing, Cocteau can suddenly, effortlessly, raise himself till he remains balanced on his little finger. Like Father William, he astounds us by doing it again and again. It is the Cocteau act. If you want the sensation of his prose in tangible form, go and see those supreme athletes, the Kimris, Barbette, Colleano. What I remember, after reading all Cocteau's books, is my first visit to the circus.

After the acrobatics and the faceted fly-like vision of Cocteau, Mr. Chiang Yee's quiet eye. *The Silent Traveller* I found enchanting to read and to look at. Have you ever known a Chinaman? After a time he has merely to walk into the room to bring out a Chinese pattern in all the objects surrounding you: the smoke of your cigarette, your umbrella in the corner, the winter oak standing in its shadow on the lawn—all bear his signature. How on earth, you wonder, staring at a dragonish oak after he has gone, did I miss seeing that before? Mr. Chiang Yee's visit to the Lake District, delightfully recorded in pictures, poems and a diary, will do the same for every reader of his book. It is ten, fifteen years since I spent the fortnight there on which my own memories are based—how different from Mr. Yee's! He remarked, as I did, the mountain which might have been a seated camel bending its head down to the lake to drink; but that is almost our only impression in common. *He* has noticed the fresh green of the mountains, hillsides as furry as a cactus, a smoking tor near Wastwater; *his* streams twist down like veins among smooth

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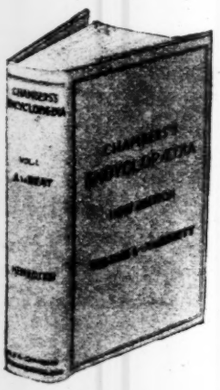

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exposed muscles. And the little clump of firs cross-hatching a shadow in water, the umbrellas of the women going in twos to church! Mist and rain especially—a large part of any visitor's recollections—he adopts characteristically for the spaces in his drawings. The text is as charming. One cannot read it without feeling that all our own nature description is over-written, that we begin by expecting too much from any poem. After years of living in London, Mr. Yee found in Cumberland the mountain silences of his childhood; he travelled for the most part by himself, preferring meditation to talk, though his enjoyment of the tourist part of his visit was more spontaneous than that of many of the people he met. I felt that he was a good deal wiser, too. One day getting up late because of rain and seeing the newspaper by his plate, he left it unopened, not wishing to read about war (then, it was Spain, not China). He reflects: "I can understand that a lion will kill and eat rabbit or deer, but I cannot imagine a lion from Africa eating one from America, however hungry it might be." It is only what we all think, but I liked the book so much that I liked even its commonplaces.

G. W. STONIER

TOHU-BOHU

Pepita. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Hogarth Press.* 10s. 6d.

From her family history, Miss Sackville-West has extracted a tale which in brilliance of colour and picturesqueness of detail out-Balzacs Balzac. "Nothing," she tells us, "is either invented or even embellished. Down to the smallest particular, it is all absolutely and strictly true." But the story is almost incredible. We have a British diplomatist living openly with a Spanish dancer during the zenith of Victorian prudery, inducing German Royalties to sponsor his natural children at the font, and, when appointed Ambassador at Washington, making one of these children his hostess at the Embassy. This girl marries her cousin, the heir to her father's peerage, and assists him to prove that her parents were never married. Having thus secured her title and the possession of a superlatively beautiful house, she proceeds to find the money required for its upkeep. She fascinates a childless, very wealthy man who pays large sums in his lifetime and leaves her over £400,000. His relations, to whom she had been intolerably rude, contest the will, and revenge themselves by exposing her character; she fights, she gives a virtuoso performance in the witness-box, she wins. The eight years in an equivocal home, when other children were not allowed to play with her, the ten years of misery in a convent, can now be forgotten. She has beauty, fascination, courage, gusto, position and wealth. Yet almost at once everything goes wrong. Her tempestuous character makes her husband miserable, and she leaves his house never to return. The warmth of her kindness and of her generosity have made her many friends, but she is so unreasonable and exacting that she loses them all. She spends prodigious sums, and never acquires anything worth having. She refuses for two years to see even her daughter, the only person whose love gives her patience to support the insupportable. Soon not even a servant can be found to endure her reckless accusations and constant rages. And thus she dies, undefeated but pitifully unhappy, and, one feels, not responsible for her actions.

> Many people have told me what a clever woman my mother was, and what good taste she had; it was a sort of label tied on to her; but it was utterly wrong. She was anything but clever, and her taste was anything but good. What they never realised was that she was, above all things, herself. Wrong or right, tiresome, troublesome, turbulent, difficult, generous, mean, vindictive, revengeful, unjust, kind, lavish, enthusiastic, all in turn, she was always herself, and to be always oneself to that extent is a form of genius.

Her daughter writes of her with great candour, great understanding and great love. Only once does she give us a glimpse of what it must have been to have such a mother.

> At the age of four or five I had seen my own loved Nannie torn from me because three dozen quails having failed to arrive in time for a dinner-party my mother insisted that Nannie had eaten them. After that I took things more or less for granted.

And she is so skilful in communicating to us the blaze of this volcano, that we too are dazzled into accepting her and revelling in her, as if she were a character not in life but in a novel by Balzac or a play by Ben Johnson.

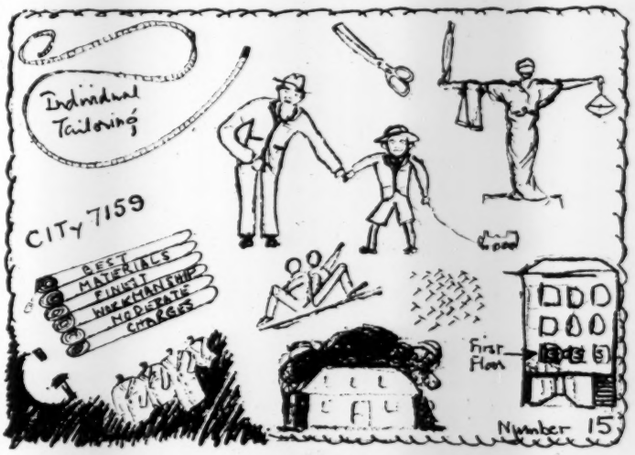
The explanation Miss Sackville-West offers us is heredity.

> Although on one side of her lineage she had the opulent Sackvilles aligned behind her, on the other she had all that rapscallion Spanish background, that chaos of the underworld, tohu-bohu, struggling and scheming and bargaining and even thieving for a living. It was the

Doodles

We noticed, a few weeks ago, that a NEW STATESMAN AND NATION competition invited readers to send in "Doodles," which the setter of the competition described as "the half-conscious pictorial scribble we make on telephone pads or on a theatre programme during the interval."

Here is a "Doodle" done by the brothers Goss whilst trying to get started on one of their advertisements.



The Doodle, to be complete, must have an analysis of the doodler's character. The Advertisement Manager having refused to print this in the case of Goss, we must be content with an analysis of what was passing through the brothers' minds when they doodled.

First of all we must congratulate them as artists! That drawing of Justice (who lives a few doors from Goss) is magnificent, though the scales are wrong and the sword looks more like a brolly. The idea of hanging a pair of trousers over her arm shows the Goss's irrepressible craving after publicity!

The shears, the tape and the pins (looking more like a flight of bombers) plainly indicate that the brothers Goss do all their own measuring, cutting and fitting, whilst the building in the bottom right-hand corner emphasises Goss's modest first-floor premises.

But why the old man and the small boy? Ah, yes, of course, the rule that Goss has of asking all customers to pay cash, old and new alike. The queer-looking figures, back to back, must be the brothers themselves, whilst below is a pictorial symbol of their assistant, Mr. Whitehouse.

All very fine, but where does this get us? Well, it has served to tell the story of individual tailoring, at unusually moderate prices, which the brothers Goss are grateful to say is appreciated by more "N.S. & N." readers each month.

A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas.

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descendant of all these people—the old-clothes pedlars, the smugglers, the fruit-sellers, the gypsies, the rascals—that her critics expected to behave as an ordinary English lady.

The first half of Miss Sackville-West's book is given up to a very lively reconstruction of this background, based on evidence taken for the Peerage case. There is Pepita herself, married to another dancer, but soon leaving him for Paris, Germany, fame and an aristocratic lover. But she is generous to her family, and we get a most amusing picture of her mother revelling in sudden prosperity, astonishing the neighbours by the splendour of her house and servants and clothes, sending her own grand chairs to church on Sundays for her family to sit on, quarrelling, chaffering, and even trying to arrange for her son-in-law's assassination. This Catalina is a grand exuberant character; she died later than her daughter, very poor indeed, a pedlar of old clothes, but not more unhappy, one feels, than the granddaughter in whom she was reincarnated.

This is a very entertaining, but also a very tragic book. The mixture of generosity and meanness, of kindness and cruelty in Lady Sackville gives her a high place among the eccentrics in history, and this book is packed with fascinating details. She would give a waiter a five-pound note if she discovered that he had a sick wife, and then cut up used stamps and put the unpost-marked pieces neatly together and thus save herself a penny. She would dash into a shop in order to give her daughter thousands of pounds worth of emeralds, and she would write letters on paper stolen from the "Ladies" at Harrods. "Regarde," she wrote triumphantly, "comme ce papier prend beaucoup mieux l'encre que le Bromo." I have never read anything more comic than her letter during the war to Lord Kitchener, asking him to exempt from military service the Knole carpenters. Confronted with a character so extravagantly remote from reality, one ceases to apply ordinary standards. Her love of money, her pugnacity, her incredible lack of self-control brought unhappiness to those around her and still more to herself. One feels deep sympathy especially for her husband, an English gentleman of the best type; and she must have been far more distressing as a mother than this book suggests. But since her daughter can forget this, and write of her with such humour and affection, it is not for the reader to be more censorious—after all, to him she has brought nothing but pleasure, by providing the subject for this fascinating book. R. M.

He lies buried on top of the world

On an isolated peak of the Matopo hills is the last resting place of Cecil John Rhodes. He himself selected the spot, calling it his "View of the World."

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"Travel in Southern Rhodesia" is a booklet describing in detail an actual holiday tour — write now for a complimentary copy to the High Commission for Southern Rhodesia, Room 21, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2.

SHORTER NOTICES

Cicero (In Catilinam, I–IV; Pro Murena; Pro Sulla; Pro Flacco). Translated by LOUIS E. LORD. **Aristotle** (Parts of Animals; Movement of Animals; Progression of Animals). Translated by A. L. PECK and E. S. FORSTER. **Dionysius of Halicarnassus** (Roman Antiquities I). Translated by E. CARY. **Josephus** (Jewish Antiquities, Books IX–XI). Translated by RALPH MARCUS. **Athenaeus** (The Deipnosophists, Books XIII–XIV). Translated by C. B. GULICK. *Loeb Classical Library. Heinemann.* Each vol. 10*s.* cloth; 12*s.* 6*d.* leather.

The new Loeb classics include four Greek authors and one Latin; all well edited and translated. The Cicero volume contains several of his most famous speeches. The many-sided Aristotle makes his first appearance in this series as zoologist—a part in which he was no fool: did not Darwin describe Linnaeus and Cuvier as "schoolboys to old Aristotle?" Dionysius also is a welcome newcomer to the series; his is the only extant account of early Rome, apart from Livy's. Athenaeus has reached his sixth out of seven volumes, and Josephus his sixth out of nine.

Strategy and Tactics in Chess. By M. EUWE. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The recent match for the championship of the world between Dr. Euwe, the champion, and Alekhine, the ex-champion, lends an additional interest to Dr. Euwe's book. He is a worthy champion and has written an interesting book, though after the last two champions, Alekhine and Capablanca, his theory and practice of chess seem, it must be confessed, a little drab. There is something almost lyrical in some of Alekhine's astonishing conceptions and combinations, and Capablanca, before he became a scientist and even afterwards, was a great artist. There is nothing of this incalculable quality in Dr. Euwe, and he is uninfluenced fundamentally by the neo-romantics. He is known as a positional master. At first sight, therefore, it may seem strange that he devotes considerably more space in this book to tactics and combinations than to strategy. But much is explained when one finds that he defines strategy as the setting of aims and the forming of schemes and tactics as the execution. A combination for Dr. Euwe is the logical or practical result of the positional situation deliberately created by strategy. Hence nearly two-thirds of his book are devoted to a classification and analysis of various forms of combination. His exposition is clear and illuminating, and Dr. Euwe's mind and methods make him in many ways a more useful guide for amateurs who are not in the first class than some of the other masters.

Victims Victorious. By WILLIAM MOLONY. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In his previous book, *New Armour for Old*, Mr. Malony described a nervous collapse that was cured by psychotherapy. This cure was, for him, in the nature of a religious conversion and convinced him that health and sanity depend upon "losing our life to find it," e.g.—relaxing the tensions of fear and self-defence. *Victims Victorious* continues his life after this rebirth. He found that his experiences gave him insight into the true inspiration of religion and what had previously been mere mysticism becomes as real as scientific fact. He wanders discursively over the lives and teachings of saints and mystics, comparing their apparently obscure utterances with his personal feelings. He discovers that relaxation has its complementary in intense concentration and, following the yoga system of Vivekananda, acquires the power of burning his skin by concentration on a spot on his body. Our present economic society, Mr. Malony believes, schemes to prevent man from finding spiritual security so that it can have more control over him. He tries to show that the Left reformer and the mystic have the same ultimate purpose in view; he thus belongs to that increasing group of people like Romain Rolland and Jaurès (their martyr) who work for Socialism and Communism as a practical expression of religious love. The Spanish Anarchists have this vision so clearly before them that they believe it is possible to eliminate the step of a central dictatorship and have thus come into conflict with orthodox Communism. His new life is so fresh and surprising to the author that he is not yet able to order his ideas but chases them here and there always wondering what will be round the corner; also he stops too often to condemn an ignorant world and is too afraid of pretension slipping into his pages.

Some Modern Business Problems. By ARNOLD PLANT and Others. *Longmans, Green and Co.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Any small business man opening this book under the impression that it will tell him comprehensively How to Make Poultry Farming (or corner-shop grocery, or garage-keeping) Pay, will be disappointed. But as a general contribution to raising the level of intelligence in business it is first rate. Professor Plant, ably seconded by Mr. Wilson, opens the ball with a stimulating discussion of the problems of internal organisation, as seen from the point of view of the individual firm overhauling its structure. Mr. Paish brings to the study of foreign trade forecasting an ingenious statistical technique, which, though at present applicable only to a few of the world's markets, should grow increasingly useful as exchange restrictions diminish. Discussing movements in interest rates, with special reference to expected trends in this country, he concludes that the low rates now ruling are on the whole likely to be temporary. Mr. Shone, relating the rate of interest to production

Sunday Times

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policy, discloses the curious fact that manufacturers are quite unaware of paying any attention to interest rates at all—but demonstrates that, however unconsciously, they do frame their policy thereby. He is also responsible for a brilliant if in places depressing exposition of the acceleration principle by which changes in demand fall with cumulative violence on durable and "producers'" goods. Mr. Wilson provides an admirable if disillusioning paper on Public Relations Departments; this, together with Mr. Brown's essay on Problems of Market Research, ought really to be universally circulated as an antidote to ballyhoo. Advertisers have never been willing to take lying down the dictum that you can't fool all of the people all of the time. Mr. Brown, Mr. Rowland and Mr. Edwards, dealing in successive papers with the statistical and accounting problems confronting the business world, make a noble effort to avoid technicalities incomprehensible to the non-specialist, and cannot be blamed if they do not wholly succeed.

My Father's House. By PIERREPONT NOYES. *John Murray.* 15s.

America has always been tolerant of unusual religions, and the founding of the Oneida Community might have attracted little attention had it not been for its attitude towards property and sex. In 1847, under the leadership of John Humphrey Noyes, a group of people established a communistic settlement at Oneida, New York. It was essentially a religious settlement, the members believing that Christ had demanded and promised perfection here on earth, and that the ownership of property was wrong. Consequently, everything—industries, clothes, children and land—was held in common and, so strong was their conviction, they considered the ownership of women in marriage as one of the greatest sins. Mr. Pierrepont Noyes, a son of the founder, was born within the community but, after about the age of ten, was never, it seems, in sympathy with it. He shows its swift dissolution when, because of outside opposition, his father went away. At once the members conformed to the general practice and returned to the old marriage forms, so that the new family interests fought and defeated group interests. The community industries became a joint-stock company and to-day they are famous for their silverware sold under the imprint of Oneida Community, Ltd. Mr. Noyes has had too little to say about the community itself and about that extraordinary man, his father. He claims that others have done so, referring probably to Robert Allerton Parker's very complete history, *A Yankee Saint*. Yet his omissions have taken the colour and interest from the early part of the book. The last half is a valuable picture of the dependency of religious communism upon a leader.

We regret that the price of *The Press and World Affairs* (Appleton) reviewed last week was given as 10s. This should have been 16s.

Week-end Competitions

No. 398

Set by Kapp

(See page 683.) The Editor said to me: "This picture may be a portrait of an individual, or a composite portrait of several; but it seems to me something more than a portrait." So I withhold my title; and the usual prizes, of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea, are offered to readers for the expression, in not more than one hundred words of prose or verse, of their reaction to the picture, including a title for it.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Nov. 5.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 396

Set by Desmond Shawe-Taylor

Suppose that either Gibbon, Dr. Johnson or Queen Victoria were to reappear and give us their views on our present foreign policy. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best entry in not more than 300 words: more than mere imitation of their style is required.

Report by Desmond Shawe-Taylor

It was generally, and I think rightly, agreed that Dr. Johnson would be an Isolationist, and Queen Victoria an advocate of the Firm Hand; to Gibbon most competitors attributed no specific policy, contenting themselves with ironic analysis of our difficulties. E. J. Rendle was one of two who gave us an excerpt from *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire*; of "the administrations of Baldwin and of Chamberlain" he writes: "upon the implements of war they expended the riches that they had declared to be lacking for the pursuits of peace, and pleaded as their justification the fulfilment in the future of obligations that they had rendered obsolete in the past." Dr. Johnson drew the best entry. R. D. C. qualifies his Tory isolationism with a neat trope: "It is no policy to give a footpad your guineas one by one. You will not so dissuade him from taking your watch and knocking you into the ditch." B. H. H., contending that "principles are well enough, but a man is not obliged to die for them," concludes: "If you are determined to be a martyr, Sir, at least choose a better cause than this. Go fight for the owners of slaves or the head-hunters in Borneo, pick a quarrel with your creditors, but do not be persuaded by the factious dogs of Great Turnstile." "X" 's entry has: "That Minister who preserves his country from the horrors and calamities of war can afford to regard with some complacency the charge that his conduct is *infra dignitatem*." E. W. Fordham's Johnson is of the same temper, and trounces Boswell with the true Johnsonian force:

BOSWELL: But, Sir, can we trust our Government to follow that policy?

JOHNSON: Sir, if you do not trust your own Government I would counsel you to live under a Government you do trust. If the Great Cham of Tartary has your confidence, go to Tartary.

BOSWELL: But, Sir, are we not to punish inhumanity and fly to the rescue of the oppressed?

JOHNSON: No, Sir, we are not . . .

Of the Queen Victorias, the best, stylistically, is that of Oliver Barnes: "The Queen confesses that she finds it difficult to understand Mr. Chamberlain's position. Is this country *never* to put its foot down as used to be the case? . . . She is *particularly anxious about Gibraltar*. . . . She cannot doubt that Mr. Eden is actuated by the *most proper* feelings, but why is he allowed to show weakness in the face of Signor Mussolini, of whom the Queen is not afraid. . . ." J. Taylor's Journal entry is nostalgic: "The state of Europe continues *most distressing*. . . . How often I long for the old days, when members of our dear family sat on each throne in Europe; then we were indeed *Queen Mother*. . . ." D. Hawson's entry has a good joke: "Mr. Eden, she feels, is too *deferential* to both these parties. If he would only remember that he is the representative of a *crowned head* speaking to *commoners* . . ."; and W. L. Nicholls a characteristically Victorian adjective: "Mr. Eden . . . is *far too young* and *impulsive* to understand what is best for his country."

First Prize to Charles Ould for a neat and diverting Gibbon, posted appropriately from Switzerland; Second Prize to A. K. Milne for a convincing picture of Johnson in one of his blustering moods.

FIRST PRIZE
AN EXCERPT FROM
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
BY THE LATE INGENIOUS MR. EDWARD GIBBON

The suspicion that the conflict was not exclusively of Iberian origin, might derive some countenance from those rhetorical effusions of the ruler of Italy, which appeared to indicate that, under the trappings of a Caesar or Augustus, he concealed the shallow mind and brutal ambition of an Attila or a Genseric; nor were there lacking those who attributed the calamity of Spain to the subtle policy of Moscow. While the Moorish infidel maintained in arms the Christianity of Spain, and its inviolable integrity was announced by an Italian army of occupation, the flames which consumed its cities illuminated the division of Europe, revealing the factions of *Right* and *Left* joined universally in fatal combat.

To prevent the conflagration from extending its violence beyond the Pyrenees, was the task which the British Government had appropriated to itself. It accordingly proposed the salutary fiction of *non-intervention*, and a committee was established, with the duty of not recognising the intervention of Italy. A like fiction shrouded in decent obscurity the conflict of Right and Left, and affirmed the impartiality of the rulers of Britain, which they expressed by supporting the Left with words, and the Right with deeds.

This course of impotent duplicity exposed the English to humiliations, which they endured with a Christian resignation infrequent in history. The opinion of these pacific ministers was, that the certainty of humiliation ought to be preferred to the possibility of war. In this, they were supported by the opposing parties, who were firmly persuaded, that the most certain means of securing perpetual peace was an announcement that, whatever act of aggression might be committed on the Continent, Great Britain would remain neutral. It was to be anticipated, that such a course could only be persisted in, until Socialists should forget, or Conservatives remember, that they were Englishmen. . . .

CHARLES OULD

SECOND PRIZE
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF BOSWELL

At dinner, Mr. Davies made some comment upon the latest despatches from Spain; but Dr. Johnson was in a distemper, and for a time would

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MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. Yes and No. Tues. & Fri.

CAMBRIDGE. The First Legion. Thurs., Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. The Last Straw. Tues., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Blondie White." Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

NEW. Bonnet Over the Windmill. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEENS. Richard II. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

ST. JAMES'S. Old Music. Wed., Thurs.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Thurs. & Sat.

VICT. PAL. Busman's Honeymoon. W., S.

WESTMINSTER. Yahoo. Wed. & Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

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8.30. Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
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A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. Bar 1171.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
YES AND KNOW
by Kenneth Horne.

CAMBRIDGE. (Tem. 6056.) 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
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C. V. France. Franklin Dyall. Colin Keith-Johnston.
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A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

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MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

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DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
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MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

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SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, VIOLA LYEL.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BASIL SYDNEY in
"BLONDIE WHITE"
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HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
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Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

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Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

MERCURY. Pk. 5700. Th., 8, (sub. 8.30). S. nxt., 2.30.
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Three Acts in Prose by Ashley Dukes. Directed by Dennis Arundell, designed after Goya by Roger Furse, Alexis France, D. A. Clarke-Smith, Derek Williams.

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JOHN GIELGUD in
RICHARD II.
by William Shakespeare.

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I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
Wilfrid Lawson. Patricia Hilliard. Lewis Casson.

ST. JAMES'S. Whi. 3903.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
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by KEITH WINTER.

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A New Farce by VERNON SYLVAINE.

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say nothing. At length, when we had passed some ten minutes in political talk, the lion came forth into the arena.

DAVIES: It seems that His Majesty's ministers will begin nothing; and when they follow, it is but tardily, and often in the wrong direction.

JOHNSON: Why, Sir, would you have them push us into a *war?* (glaring at poor Tom as if he would eat him).

BOSWELL: You mean, Sir, that the nations are so delicately balanced on the brink of destruction, that it needs but a touch to send them over the edge?

JOHNSON: Yes, Sir. The temper of a dictator is such, that a few rash words from a fool may provoke him to call up a million men. Sir, to endanger the lives of millions by a few blustering words is an act of criminal stupidity. I would hang anyone who did it.

BOSWELL: Then are we not to protect our imperial interests, if they are in peril?

JOHNSON: Why, Sir, what is this fine talk of imperial interests? Ask John, here (indicating the fellow who waited upon us) if he wants his imperial interests protected; and he may reply that he would sooner have his dinner.

BOSWELL: Is he not in danger of going without his dinner, if we cannot protect our traders on the high seas?

JOHNSON: No, Sir.

DAVIES: I think, Sir, that dictators ——

JOHNSON (suddenly angry): *You* think, Sir! And is Tom Davies to *dictate* to us here?

In this manner he battered his way out of an untenable position. No more was said upon this subject. A. K. MILNE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 252.—THE WOLF-CUBS' CAMP

"At our holiday camp," said Mr. Whistle, who was in charge of the local pack, "we divided the lads into three patrols. There was the Lion Patrol, the Tiger Patrol, and the Bear Patrol. The Lion Patrol was the largest (41 boys in all) and the Bear Patrol was the smallest.

"Then, again, each of the boys specialised in one of three things. Woodcraft, Geology, or Surveying. See what I'm getting at? There were nine distinguishable units in all—three from each patrol. The largest number went in for Woodcraft, and the smallest number for Surveying."

"And what," asked I, "does all this lead up to?"

"Why," said Mr. Whistle, "to this very curious fact." He took out his notebook. "The product of the numbers in each Patrol who respectively chose Woodcraft equalled the product of the numbers who respectively chose Geology and also the product of the numbers who respectively chose Surveying. Nor, my dear Caliban, is that all. This same product was also the product of the numbers of the three sections of each of the three Patrols."

"Sounds incredible," I said. But, when I came to think about it, I found that Whistle's figures were correct.

How many Tigers specialised in Geology?

PROBLEM 250.—THE SPINNAKER CLUB REGATTA

A simple nexus of inferences. The answer is that in the second race:

Mrs. Boom-Boom sailed Admiral Afterguard's yacht (*Chloroform*).
Admiral Afterguard sailed Colonel Mainbrace's yacht (*Firefly*).
Colonel Mainbrace sailed Sir Backwash Bilge's yacht (*Ranunculus*).
Sir Backwash Bilge sailed Mrs. Boom-Boom's yacht.
Duke of Dull sailed Lord Luffagain's yacht (*Davy Jones*).
Lord Luffagain sailed Marquise de Milles Tonnères' yacht.
Marquise de Milles Tonnères sailed Duke of Dull's yacht (*Oloroso*).

PROBLEM 249

Even simpler!

Allgraft received all of "my" 5 votes. He gave one vote to "me" and four to Chattermore.

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: W. E. Mocatta, Southdown School, Seaford, Sussex.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

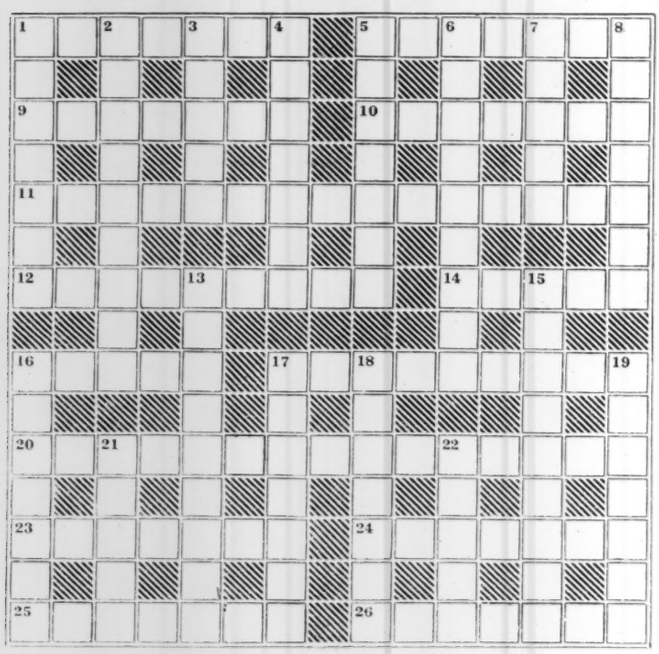
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 399

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mrs. Maxwell, Caerlaverock, 42 Oxford Street, Dundee.

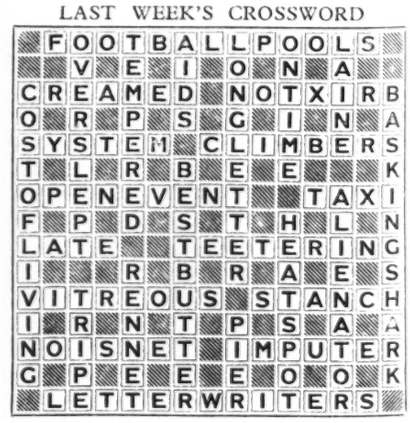
DOWN

1. Fourth part of canine grounding. (7)
2. Old Bill advised one to go there if one knew where it was. (9)
3. The Royal Marines get it hot. (5)
4. Put up, Sir, with an extract of food. (7).
5. Person from whom one would obviously get rescued. (7)
6. Car that suggests A Tragic Montague. (9)
7. How to pose when about to lodge an appeal. (5)
8. It's the sister's turn again. (7)
13. Where people get landed bodily. (9)
15. Find shelter in the rush. (9)
16. Singular spectacles for night driving in old days. (7)
17. Keeps the waves in order. (7)
18. Stingy portmanteau word for a blackguard? (7)
19. You wouldn't have one of them for your eggs. (7)
21. Step over it. (5)
22. He'd be an untouchable not only in India. (5)

ACROSS

1. His is a one-sided argument. (7)
5. The officer who has changed into trousers? (7)
9. Picks for the gardener, puckers for the dressmaker. (7)
10. Are they stupid because of their taste for pudding? (7)
11. (Compressed) Air Exercises? (15)
12. You can be sure that he's not done the right thing. (9)
14. Monetary examination awards. (5)
16. She obviously always had the makings of a great actress. (5)
17. This old vehicle had a rear axle drive as it were. (9)
20. They prevent one's hands from getting soiled. (15)
23. What I do as I bant. (7)
24. A coin by itself would be seen here by the Roman. (7)
25. What I should have with a fairy. (7)
26. Desired a change. (7)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

LYTHAM SCHOOLS FOUNDATION
KING EDWARD VII SCHOOL, LYTHAM, LANCASHIRE

The Governors invite APPLICATIONS for the POSITION of Headmaster of King Edward VII School for boys, which has become vacant in consequence of the death of the late Headmaster.

The School, which dates from 1908, is administered under a Scheme of the Board of Education of 1929, and admits day pupils only: the present number being 252.

Applicants must possess a degree of a British University and must have good experience.

The commencing salary will be £800 rising by annual increments to £1,000. Previous experience as a Headmaster may be taken into account. There is a residence for the Headmaster adjoining the School Buildings which, with the emoluments, is valued at £200 per annum.

The successful candidate will be required to take up his duties as soon as possible.

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications must be sent accompanied by 25 copies of three recent Testimonials and in addition the names of two referees, not later than Friday, November 19th, 1937.

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6 Chapel Street, Preston.

THE Youth Hostels Association (England and Wales) require an Assistant Secretary. Applicant should have executive and administrative abilities; should be able to address public meetings, prepare the Association's quarterly magazine and conduct correspondence in French and German. Salary offered £200–£250 per annum. Applications will be received by the SECRETARY, Youth Hostels Association (England and Wales), Trevelyan House, Church Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts, up to first post on Saturday, November 6th, 1937.

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